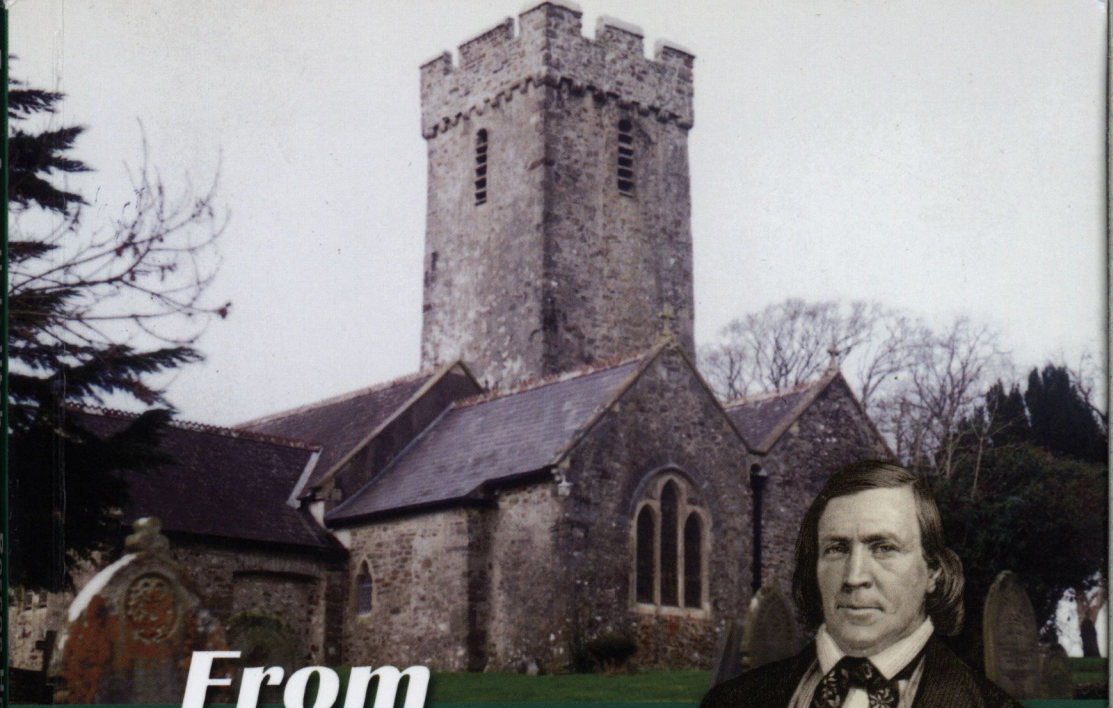
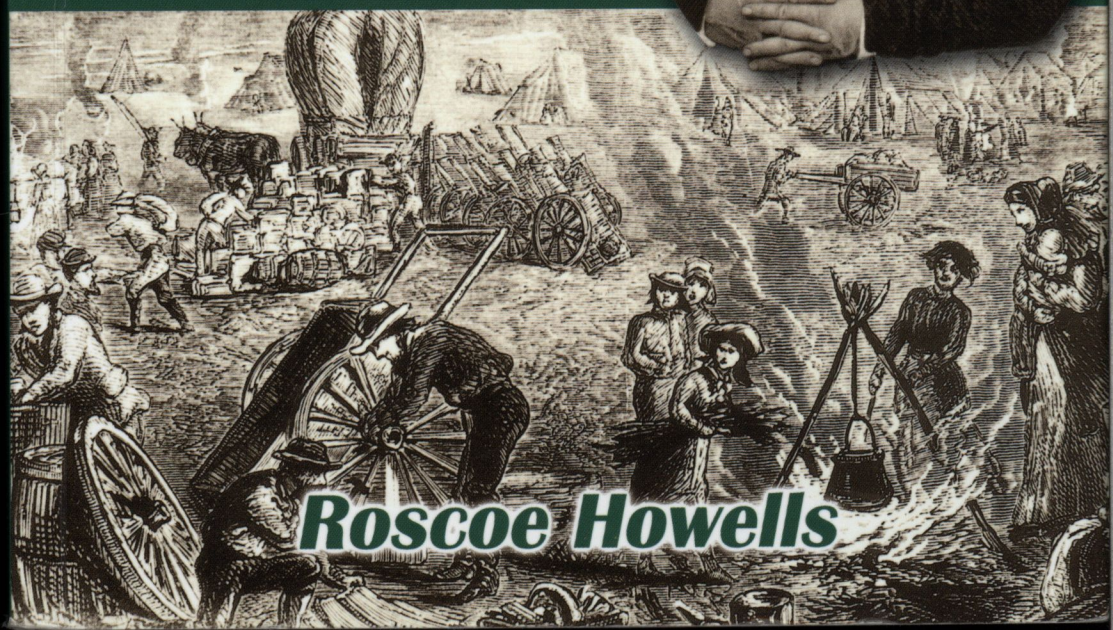
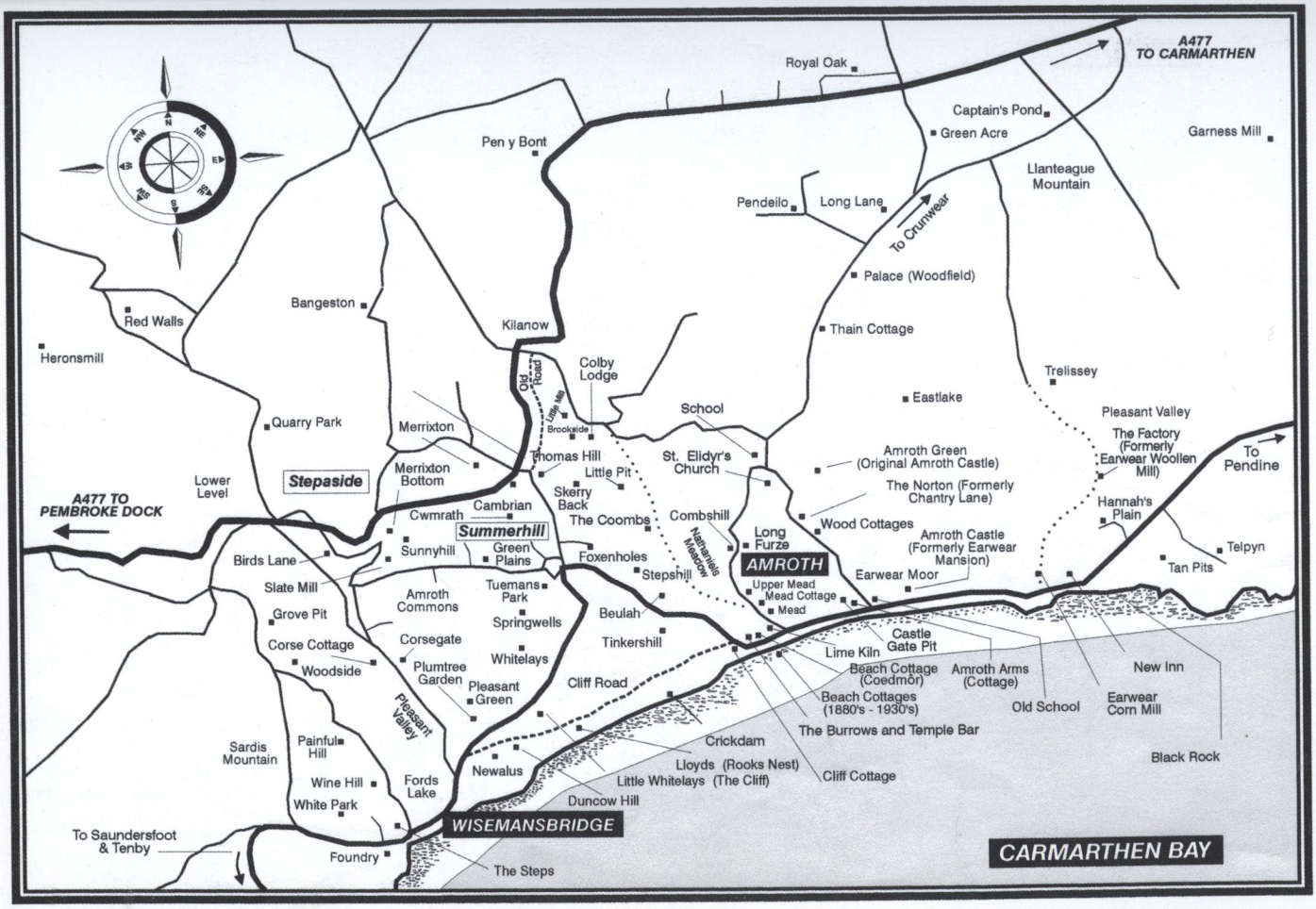


From Amroth *to* Utah





Roscoe Howells


A477
TO CARMARTHEN
Royal Oak
Captain's Pond
Green Acre
Garness Mill
Pen y Bont
Llanteague
Mountain
Pendeilo
Long Lane
To Crunwear
Palace (Woodfield)
Bangeston
Red Walls
Kilanow
Thain Cottage
Heronsmill
Old Road
Colby
Lodge
Trelissey
Eastlake
Quarry Park
Merrixton
School
Pleasant Valley
The Factory
(Formerly
Earwear Woollen
Mill)
To
Pendine
Brookside
Thomas Hill
St. Elidyr's
Church
Amroth Green
(Original Amroth Castle)
Lower
Level
Stepaside
Merrixton
Bottom
Little Pit
Skerry
Back
The Norton (Formerly
Chantry Lane)
A477 TO
PEMBROKE DOCK
Cwmrath
Cambrian
The Coombs
Combshill
Wood Cottages
Hannah's
Plain
Summerhill
Sunnyhill
Green
Plains
Foxenholes
Nathaniels
Meadow
Long
Furze
Amroth Castle
(Formerly Earwear
Mansion)
Telpyn
Birds Lane
AMROTH
Stepshill
Earwear Moor
Tan Pits
Slate Mill
Tuemans
Park
Upper Mead
Mead Cottage
Mead
Amroth
Commons
Grove Pit
Springwells
Beulah
Castle
Gate Pit
Corse Cottage
Corsegate
Tinkershill
Lime Kiln
Whitelays
Beach Cottage
(Coedmôr)
Amroth Arms
(Cottage)
New Inn
Woodside
Plumtree
Garden
Cliff Road
Beach Cottages
(1880's - 1930's)
Old School
Earwear
Corn Mill
Pleasant
Green
Pleasant
Valley
The Burrows and Temple Bar
Sardis
Mountain
Painful
Hill
Crickdam
Black Rock
Lloyds (Rooks Nest)
Newalus
Cliff Cottage
Wine Hill
Fords
Lake
Little Whitelays (The Cliff)
White Park
Duncow Hill
To Saundersfoot
& Tenby
WISEMANSBRIDGE
Foundry
The Steps
CARMARTHEN BAY

I'm cyfeiriad da, Ron Dennis

Mae'n achos teimlad o chymhlyddol imi mod wyf yn medru
siarad y Nefoedd, ond teimlf yn
gamalod llawer o bobl sy'n rhagl
yn y Gymraeg, a chyfnodol un engel
yn llawen i fynegi geiriau nefolaidd
fy nghwerthfawrogiad o'ch cymorth i
mi! Chi a'm symbyliodd i dod i lyn
Llwyn Eastlake, ac y mae cynnal-
o'ch hyn sydd wedi digwydd wedyn
wedi bod yn bosib oherwydd eich
brwdfrydedd a'ch cymorth fel ysgolhaig.

Gyda phob dymuniad cenedig, a chan
ddymuno y cawn gwrdd rhyw
ddydd. Ac os nad yma, yn y Nefoedd.

Rhodri Lewellyn.

Ebrill 2001

From Amroth to Utah

Roscoe Howells

GOMER

First Impression—2001

ISBN 1 85902 997 3

© Roscoe Howells

Roscoe Howells has asserted his right under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988, to be identified as Author of this Work.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, electrostatic, magnetic tape, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission in writing from the Author.

Printed in Wales by
Gomer Press, Llandysul, Ceredigion

To the memory of those
who knew the wonder
long ago of listening
round the fire

Contents

		Page
Foreword		ix
Acknowledgements		xi
Introduction		xiii
1	A Personal Note	1
2	Early Recollections	4
3	Before Amroth	7
4	Where was Amroth?	9
5	Their Land was Stolen	13
6	Local Industry	16
7	Who moved the Stone?	21
8	What the Census Returns tell us	28
9	And there was Hardship	36
10	Mary Prout	43
11	The Mormon Mission of Daniel Williams	55
12	Emigration and the Mormons	72
13	The Rogers	76
14	The Thains	84
15	Some who Stayed	90
16	More Hardship and Emigration	93
17	The Rees family and others destined for Utah	104
18	The Legend	114
Bibliography		117
Glossary		121
Index		123

Foreword

Every community has its necessary people. The doctor, the police officer and the fireman would be on anybody's list; and the postman, the school teacher, the undertaker, the vicar, the minister, the shopkeeper and the landlord of the pub.

I think a good case, too, can be made for the story teller. Every village and district has one, the guardian of the collective memory. He or she is an enthusiastic historian with a proper historian's curiosity, an eye and ear for the illuminating detail, the telling quirk, the vivid anecdote and, above all, an abiding interest in human nature.

Roscoe Howells is a consummate story teller. His well of knowledge is deep and I have dipped my own bucket into it several times. His many books form a monument not only to his learning and assiduous researches but also to his sense of wonder and of fun. He blows the dust off history and brings it all engagingly to life.

A story teller like Roscoe forges important links in a community's sense of continuity, its sense of itself. Every society, like every individual in it, likes to know something of its roots, where it comes from, where it fits in. Honouring the past, the story teller brings light and meaning to the present.

Roscoe Howells was born and brought up in Saundersfoot and lives by the sea at Amroth. He is devoted to his beguiling district of Pembrokeshire and has celebrated it in novels as well as historical chronicles. This new book is about Amroth and those of its people who journeyed and suffered agonisingly in nineteenth century America. The tale is beautifully told.

Like all good story tellers Roscoe is also a listener. He reaches far back into history. As a small boy in the 1920's, he sat at the kitchen table under the light of an old brass lamp and listened as his grandfather told story after story, filling the hours with magic.

TREVOR FISHLOCK

Acknowledgements

In trying to thank all those to whom I have turned for information and help in writing this book, it is difficult to know where to start, and impossible to know how many whose names to include.

There are those, especially in America, with whom I have corresponded, and I hope it will be evident from the references in the text how grateful I am for their help. Some I have never met, and possibly never shall, whilst some are no longer with us.

Locally, there are the many who have shared their memories, or jogged my own, in respect of different families, and I hope this book will be acceptable to them.

My debt to the staff of the Pembrokeshire Records Office for their patience and help at all times is so great as to be almost embarrassing, and the same must be said, albeit on a more limited scale when needed, to those at the Carmarthenshire Records Office, Pembrokeshire County Reference Library, the Tenby Library, Tenby Museum, and as ever, unfailingly down through the years, the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth.

From Utah there is, first of all, Professor Ronald Dennis, who pointed my initial enquiries in the right direction. As a result I was able to enlist the aid of Jan Ekeroth, Secretary to the President of Brigham Young University, then Leda Farley Smith, Reading Room Supervisor of Special Collections & Manuscripts at the Harold B. Lee Library at the University, who virtually became my pen-pal before her retirement, and Melvin L. Bashore, Librarian at the Historical Department of the Church of Latter Day Saints, Salt Lake City. Nearer home there was the help of Mrs. Mavis Griffiths of the same Church at Newcastle Emlyn.

I am also grateful for permission to reproduce the pictures of Brigham Young and 'Gathering To Zion' from the Archives of The Latter Day Saints in Utah, to quote from the relevant Journals, and to all those, especially Gary Davies, who have helped with pictures,

In the field of genealogy there was the never failing help of the enthusiastic and knowledgeable Bill Griffiths, and the interest and encouragement, during our many hours together at the Pembrokeshire

Records office, of the late Peter Gibby, one of Nature's gentlemen, who died with tragic suddenness as this work neared completion.

Alan Shepherd was a great help in producing a map to show places named in the text, some of them long since abandoned and forgotten, which were there before the village of Amroth as we know it today came into being. Finally, at Gomer Press, with whom I have had such a happy relationship for more than forty years, there was the expertise of Doug Jones in work on the pictures, and the cheerful efficiency of Pam Brayley taking care of so much besides.

When it had all been completed there was the ready and greatly appreciated willingness of Trevor Fishlock to contribute such a generous Foreword.

To them all, named and unnamed, I say a very warm thank you, as well as to my patient and long-suffering wife, who will, I know, heave a sigh of relief now that all the hours of talk of 'lineage' draw to an end, but who has been a huge support in spite of it.

R.H.

Introduction

No doubt because people these days are showing an increasing interest in tracing their family roots, more and more people seem to have been coming here during recent years, many of them from overseas, in search of such information, trying to trace relatives in the area, and to find remains of the cottages from which their ancestors came.

Not least has been the interest of descendants of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, sometimes known simply as the Saints or the Mormons, who went out to Utah during the great missionary movement of a century-and-a-half ago. There is, too, the interest of so many of the descendants of those who stayed behind, and who wonder what became of those who ventured into the unknown beyond the seas.

Whilst there is still much to be written on the history of Amroth, it comes as a salutary reminder in our affluent times to have to recall something of the social conditions and the horrendous poverty in the parish which led to so many having to pack their meagre personal belongings and leave to seek a living elsewhere.

It is strange, too, to think that in a hundred years time others will look back in disbelief at what is happening now with the same horror as we try to understand what our forefathers had to suffer. What some of the Mormons had to endure to reach their Promised Land almost defies belief.

CHAPTER 1

A Personal Note

'I have done my best to set down the character of the people about me so that some record of us might live after us, for the likes of us will never be again.'

Thus wrote Tomás Ó Crohan, of the Great Blasket island off the far west coast of Kerry, in his memorable book, *The Islandman*, when he was an old man more than seventy years ago.

It was not until I began to do some serious research that it was brought home to me most forcibly how such a sentiment could have applied at one time to the people of this western corner, too. Change is written on all earthly things, and they tell me that they now have an interpretative centre even at Dunquin, far away in the west of Ireland, where they also have the inevitable sprawl of holiday homes. I prefer to remember Dunquin and the Blaskets as I last saw them years ago, and I know for sure that there are those who prefer to remember Amroth, and indeed the whole area, as they once were.

To my certain knowledge my father's family were in the parish more than two hundred years ago. Long before the exhortations of the politicians for people to 'get on their bikes', that was what many of the folk from Amroth parish, along with those from most of the rural areas, were having to do in order to go in search of a living. Perhaps Father was lucky to have to go only as far as neighbouring Saundersfoot. The majority had to go much further, not just to the coalfields of the Welsh valleys or to the English industrial areas, but to America and the distant Colonies overseas.

In so many cases they left behind them cottages which were to crumble, overgrown by brambles, and become no more than a pile of stones in deserted woodland. Yet these same stones have many a fascinating story to tell us, if only we know how to listen to them and hear what they are trying to say. Did not Wordsworth write his marvellous pastoral poem, *Michael*, about one such pile of stones which had been destined to become a sheepfold, but never did, after the old shepherd's son had left for foreign lands, never to return?

'Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones,
And to that simple object appertains
A story – unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade.'

Apart from the Census Returns and all the usual Church registers, I have been fortunate to have found two other useful sources of information, one of which was the writing of James Thomas of Beulah, who died in 1915 at the age of fifty-three. The son of a coal miner's clerk in charge of the weighing machine, probably at the Grove pit at Stepaside, Jimmy Thomas began work as a miner, and in 1891 was a railway clerk. Like so many others, he went away in search of employment, but then suffered the great misfortune of losing a leg in a railway accident. Subsequently he became a self-taught man of great learning, and many were there amongst the cottagers, unable to afford the services of a solicitor, who would go to him to write their letters for them. In his later years, he wrote down much which was useful of the history and customs of the parish in a big notebook. The book was in the hands of someone who had no right to it, and who did not value it, but I had access to it for a short while, and had some pages photocopied and deposited in the Pembrokeshire Records Office, before it was lost for all time.

At the Amroth Big Day eisteddfod of 1910, there was an essay competition, and James Thomas won the prize with a history of the church and parish, which was published shortly afterwards as two substantial articles in succeeding issues of the *Narberth Weekly News*.

The other useful source, particularly with its aid in dating the building of some of the houses, and the development of today's village, was in a series of the reminiscences of Ben Price, published in various issues of the *Narberth Weekly News* in the early 1920's. Ten years older than James Thomas, he was in his seventies at the time. Born at Penrheol, near Tavernspite, his family moved to Green Acre, in Crunwear parish, for a short while, and then to Garness Mill in September 1856, where his father, David Price, had taken on the mill. He spent his next formative years there, just about on the boundary of Amroth parish, and began work as a miller's lad at Earwear Mill in



James Thomas.

1863, before heading for London to seek his fortune. When he died there, in 1926, at the age of seventy-three, he was the oldest deacon of the Castlestreet Welsh Baptist Chapel, of which he had been a member for over forty years. The funeral report said that he had been a well-known builder in London, and an old friend of Mr. Lloyd George. It is a standard joke that, in days gone by, nearly every other Welshman would be heard to boast that the famous Prime Minister knew his father, which eventually gave rise to the familiar drinking song, 'Lloyd George knew my father, Father knew Lloyd George', sung to the tune of 'Onward Christian Soldiers'.

CHAPTER 2

Early Recollections

There was a story told in our family in days gone by of the time when the Mormons were active on their missionary work in the early 1850's, and an elderly couple, Joseph and Elizabeth Griffiths, were living at Duncow Hill, a small-holding on the old Cliff Road from Wisemansbridge to Amroth. According to the story they became committed to the cause and put their names down for emigration to Utah, but the Mormons were hoping for younger people who could be expected to bring children into the world. Rather than sound unkind, however, they told the elderly couple that there was no place on the next boat, but to be patient and they would let them know when a passage became available.

Then, the story goes, Joe Griffiths owed some money, and his creditor was keen to obtain the tenancy of Duncow Hill. So, on a dark winter night, he went into the garden, where the bank at the 'pine-end' of the house ran up to the top of the old type so-called 'Flemish' chimney, when he knew that the old couple would be sitting by their open fireplace, and called down the chimney, in a suitably sepulchral tone of voice, 'Joseph and Elizabeth. The Lord commandeth thee to go to the Salt Lake City.' And, of course, the old people thought that the call had come. It should not be thought that they were by any means illiterate, because when they married, in February 1824, they both signed their names in a fair hand. They lived then at Camomile Back, Stepaside, and their first son, Thomas, was born there in the December of that year.

On the strength of what they believed to be the call, they made arrangements to sell up, and their creditor had the necessary legal document drawn up to take over. Before the proposed deal could be completed, however, so the legend goes, my great grandfather, Richard Howells, who was then living at the Cambrian and had heard the story, met Joe Griffiths and said that he would make him a much better offer than the other man, and that was how he came to move to Duncow Hill.



Ben Howells.

Born and brought up in Saundersfoot though I was, amongst my earliest recollections were the frequent visits, when I was a small boy, to Duncow Hill, where my father was born. Gramfer Ben, my father's father, was still alive at that time. My grandmother, Susanna Phillips from Begelly, who married Gramfer Ben when she was eighteen, had died in 1892 at the age of thirty-one on her seventh child. By all account she had been a beautiful girl, and although there is no known picture of her, their four daughters were all good-looking girls. Susanna's parents, at the time of their marriage, had both been working underground in the Hayes Pit at Thomas Chapel.

Gramfer died at the age of seventy-two, in 1926, when I was in my seventh year, so I was old enough to absorb many of the tales I heard round the fireside, with the old brass lamp shedding its light on the kitchen table.

As well as the small acreage at Duncow Hill, Gramfer held the Corses down by Ford's Lake, the stream which enters the sea at Wisemansbridge. It is one of the idiosyncrasies of the Pembrokeshire dialect that what is known as a lake can be running water, bigger than a small stream, but not as big as a river. Corse, as well as being the name for a couple of cottages, was a local term for what in some areas would be known as a bottom, being damp, rush-growing land in a valley.

One of my earliest recollections is of my father telling me that, when he was a boy in the 1890's, there was an old lady, by the name of Martha Carrall, living at Cambrian Cottages, near Stepaside, formerly known as the Cambrian Mailway Inn, which my great grandfather, Richard Howells, had built, and where he had lived before moving to Duncow Hill, and she had said to him, 'Do'st thee know how I got my round shoolders, Bertie? 'Twas carrin' iron ore for thy gramfer.' No doubt she would indeed have seemed an old lady to a small boy, but she was, in fact, only in her fifties.

It was an age when country people would sit round the fire of an evening and tell, and listen to, the same stories over and over again. These tales, absorbed by their young listeners, were passed on from generation to generation. It was ever the pattern of life in remote and close-knit rural areas, and it is what we mean by tradition.

CHAPTER 3

Before Amroth

A hint of the industrial nature of the area may be glimpsed in a notice of 1882 when the cottage known as Rook's Nest, just above Duncow Hill, on the old Cliff Road, was sold. Duncow Hill was 'held by Mary Howells at the low annual rental of £5 per annum.' One lot also on offer was, 'The valuable mineral rights, coal and culm lying under Long Furze, Mead and Nathaniel's Meadow. [With a convenient landing for shipping close to the sea; situated in the village of Amroth.]' The accompanying map showed Nathaniel's Meadow as running up the valley towards the Coombs from where Brookside Villas now are. I know not who Nathaniel was, but I like to think of him as having been a good man, for in those days, and for many a long day afterwards, the village children wandered there at will, without let or hindrance, to pick blackberries in season, or catch trout with a bent pin and a bit of string on the end of a stick. Oh, happy days of long ago. Nowadays it is very much 'house and gardens.'

By the middle of the 19th Century, before the houses on the sea-front of present-day Amroth had been built, the cottages in the area of the Temple Bar were known as the Burrows, and this was also before the five oft-talked-of cottages were to be built on the sea-side of the road in the 1880's. Known as Beach Cottages, they were abandoned to the mercy of the sea in the 1930's. Much of this story has been told, together with pictures, in *Amroth: A Brief History*, along with the history of Earwear, the hamlet round the old mansion of that name, which later became known as Amroth Castle.

The Mead estate, as it was known, was in the hands of the Rees family of Sunnyhill. There were only two houses on it, known variously by such permutations as Mead Cottage, Upper Mead, Coombshill, and even Coombs Cottage, although it was separate from the Coombs in the western part of the parish, on the other side of Brandy Lake. Coombshill was a holding on the bank on the opposite side of the road to the west of Long Furze, as shown on the Tithe Apportionment Map of the 1840's, and entered as Coombshill in 1851. In both cases a Thomas Davies and his family were there.

It would appear that Davies had held both places in 1841 but, in that year, young William Rogers, of Eastlake, married Susanna Williams of Tinkers Hill, whose father, George, held a great deal of land and various properties in the area. Not surprisingly perhaps, what eventually became known as the Coombs was entered in 1851 as one of many under the name of the Burrows, to which it was in close proximity, and William and Susanna were to live there to the end of their days. We shall hear more of the Rogers family later.

Although the brook which runs through the village has no accepted name nowadays, it was known in former times as Brandy Lake, or sometimes the more alliterative Brandy Brook, because it rose at Brandy Well. In 1841 there had been an interesting reference because, unlike later years, the Parish Returns had not been on an East/West basis, but for: 'Ambroth or Amroth. All that part of the Parish of Amroth lying South of the new line of the road leading from the Royal Oak Inn to Stepaside Bridge.' The Royal Oak was the inn at Llanteg, which is now the house known as Oaklands. The remaining properties, small in number, were to the North of the new road. This was part of the new turnpike road, which had been built in the 1830's, to replace the old Welsh Road running westwards from Llanddowror, in order to improve the approaches to Pembroke Dock harbour. It was opened in 1837, and it was at this time that Richard Howells, who had the contract for driving the stones from that stretch of road between Pen-y-bont, where the more recent by-pass now starts, and Begelly crossroads, built the two cottages which were to become known for a time as the Cambrian Mailway Inn, and he had a licence there.

CHAPTER 4

Where was Amroth

For many interesting details of the little village of Amroth which once surrounded the Church we are indebted to the reminiscences, to which fuller reference will be made later, of Ben Price.

He wrote, *inter alia,* 'Then there was Protheroe's farm and a cottage near it, and Simon Smith's farm, and John Thain's cottage, where we used to buy apples and lozenges if we by some wonderful good fortune came by the necessary coppers. So that within a radius of two hundred yards or so of Amroth Church you had at least six dwelling houses, quite as many as "Amra Burrows" contained when I remember it first, and the houses surrounding the church were many scores of years older than any of the "Burrows".'

We know, therefore, that the ancient little village of Amroth, in the area of the Church, was served by a shop to supply at least some of the basic needs of the inhabitants. Simon Smith's farm was known at one time as Amroth Green, and was on the site of the ancient Amroth Castle, a few hundred yards to the east of the Church.

This reference to the Smiths will be of greater interest when the activities of the Mormons are discussed. Martha Smyth of Amroth Green married Zacharia Rogers of Eastlake, the adjoining farm, in 1787. Zacharia's son, John, who was one of those to head for Utah, had married a Jennet Rees, and her family, too, were amongst those who would eventually set out on the long trek to the Salt Lake City.

The more immediate interest is in the reference to the village on the headstone of the family grave. More usually, the name of the dwelling or farm is given, or, if not, then it will say 'of this parish'. The verses, too, perhaps give slightly more cause to ponder for a while than some of the present day offerings.

In memory of Jane,
wife of Simon Smith of this village
who died Dec 10th 1845
Aged 57 years

Also Simon Smith
Died Nov 22nd 1865
Aged 85 years
"The grave is mine house." "The home appointed for all living."

On the other side it is inscribed:

Simon son of aforesaid Simon and Jane Smith
Who died Jan 9th 1866
Aged 48 years
"Thou shalt come to the grave in a full age
like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

Of even greater interest in Ben Price's recollections, however, will be his reference to John Thain, who lived at Chantry Lane, later to become known as the Norton, when Dr. John Howard Norton ran the Castle as a lunatic asylum in the 1850's, and this is because, as in the case of the Rogers, we shall also hear much about the Thains later on. It is sad to have to say that the minutes of the old Vestry meetings would appear to have been lost of recent years during the incumbency of the late Stanley Hobbs. They were still in existence in 1965, and fortunately, in that year the late Charles Shepherd contributed an interesting feature to *The Weekly Observer*, mentioning some of the interesting entries, especially insofar as they give some insight into social conditions of the day.

There were various disbursements to the poor by way of money for shirts and shoes, as well as other items of business, such as:

'1741 – Given to a Poore man that had a lost by fire 2/-.
Paid Elizabeth Davies for 22 weeks at 12d – £1.2.0.
Paid for flannon for her shroud and for Shrouding her – 3/-.
Paid for 2 yards of flannon for Rose Harry a poore Girl on the Parish – 1/-.
Paid to John Webb to bind her Apprentice for seven years to John Webb – £2.0.0.
Paid for drawing her indentures 5/-.
1745 – Pd John Hary for White washing the Church – 3/-.
Pd to James Parcel for caring to [*sic*] loads of lime to the Church – 2/-.
Pd to James Parcel for caring [*sic*] three loads of slates from the shore – 2/6.
1747 – Pd killing 2 badgers – 1/-.
Pd killing a fox – 1/-.
1751 – Pd Thomas Hancock killing a fichen – 6d.

1752 – Pd Robert Badham a Day ? making morter – 1/-.
Pd Robert Badham for gathering the owld Lime and making it into morter – 1/-.
Pd Humphrey Lewis for a brock – 6d.
1754 – Gave a man His House being burnt – 2/6.
Gave to another man his House being burnt – 1/-.
1755 – To money laid out to building the Almshouse – £2.9.10.
1761 – Pd to Wm. Roblin for lodging and carrying two poor people to the next Parish – 2/6.
1771 – To sending two Vagabonds one to St. Isal's Parish ye other to Cronwear – 2/6.
1785 – An Almshouse shall be built on Amroth Common the property of the Rt. Hon. Lord Milford lease for 99 years on one acre of land annual rental – 5/-.
1787 – The Vestry agreed that Esther Morgan must pay her house rent out of the rate she received from the Parish.
1813 – Vestry held the 25 day of October it was then and there agreed by the parishioners then and there present that the Daughter of Richard and Mary Griffiths aged 14 years be apprentice to Charles Callon Esq of Merixton in this parish and that Mary the daughter of the above named Richard and Mary Griffiths aged 11 years be apprentice to Zacharias Rogers of Eastlake in this parish and that John the son of the above named Richard and Mary Griffiths aged 9 years be apprentice to Richard Griffiths of the Slate Mill in this parish and that the Overseers of the Poor are to provide Indentures for the purpose. Likewise it was agreed upon at the same time that the woman and her 4 children is to have 10 shillings per week until such times as the three eldest be apprenticed.
1840 – Pd for Lunatic List – 4/-.
1847 – To the Constable for taking 2 children to the Union – 3/7.'

Entries worth mentioning are the spelling of such words as 'flannon' for 'flannel'. The old dialect word for it was 'flannen'. And 'caring' lime is not a misprint for 'carting', because 'caring', which should perhaps have been spelt 'carring', was the old dialect word for 'carrying'. Likewise it is delightful to see the entry for Robert Badham gathering the 'owld' lime, because that is how the older Pembrokeshire people still pronounce the word 'old'.

The word 'filchen' perhaps leaves itself open for us to wonder whether it was a vixen, for the killing of which Thomas Hancock was paid sixpence. That was the going rate, which was not all that sensible

when the rate for killing a dog fox was a shilling. The vixen, being the one which bred, it would have been far more sensible for the rating to have been the other way about, and I hope it is not considered in any way politically incorrect or chauvinistic to express such a point-of-view.

On the other hand, it was much more likely to have been a polecat or a stoat, for both of which the dialect word was a 'fitchet' or 'fitchen'. And 'brock', of course, was the word for a badger.

The Church was to undergo various changes over the years and, in 1771, the old north door was built up and a new door made on the south side. James Thomas, in his essay in 1910, wrote, 'To meet these changes the gravel entrance walk, formerly situated on the north side of the tower, was now made to pass round the south side. The old stone kneeling steps outside, with wolf's head cross thereon [Part of the shaft of which only now remains] was also removed from behind the tower to its present position near the main entrance, probably out of respect to those Catholic parishioners who still clung to the belief that they, like their ancestors, should not fail to kneel at prayers on those steps before entering the sacred edifice. This attachment to old systems – occurring in this case 237 years after the Reformation – is hardly more surprising than the fact that it is only since abut thirty years ago that the people of Amroth really adopted the New Style Calendar of 1752.'

These steps have for some time been referred to as a preaching cross, dated about 900 A.D. I know of no authority which has yet been produced for this statement, and the observation by James Thomas makes far more sense.



Stone kneeling steps at St. Elidyr's.

CHAPTER 5

Their Land was Stolen

Much of the poverty experienced by the rural dwellers was exacerbated by the loss of gazing rites on Common land, which for generations had been theirs by rite. Something of the disastrous effect the Enclosures had on the rural workers was well documented and portrayed by J. L. & Barbara Hammond in their book, *The Village Labourer 1760–1832,* published in 1911.

The *Lucas Papers* in the National Library of Wales have an interesting story to tell of some of what took place in Amroth parish, with reference to those who had grazed donkeys, sheep or a few cattle, geese and ducks on the rough land. It meant a great deal to the poorer workers with such grazing rites.

Insofar as it was in the two parishes, Llanteague Common, or the Mountain, pronounced 'Muntan', as it was more usually known, is of interest, because it was part of the estate which James Ackland had acquired. He had bought the Earwear estate in the 1790's, and rebuilt the mansion, which was to become known as Amroth Castle. In the centre of the Mountain, on the boundary of the two parishes, was a pond, and this he gave to the people. It was known as the Captain's Pond, and, on those occasions when it was frozen over, gave great delight to the younger generation for 'slidering'.

The Muntan, which extended to about 186 acres, was enclosed in 1868. The idea had been mooted in 1814, but on that occasion Captain Ackland had objected, although the point was argued that such objections to the proposals as a whole could not be valid, since part of the manor was in a different parish.

Forty years later, however, the vultures were back, and there is a record of the Enclosure Awards in the Pembrokeshire Records Office. The Surveyor was Lewis Wilson, of Langdon. He had taken over from the original Surveyor, William Goode, of St. Clears, 'who had departed this life before his duties as such valuer were fully performed.' The main landlords to benefit were the Trustees of the great Picton Castle Estate, Thomas Lewis of Narberth, John Henry Scourfield of Williamston M.P., and the Rev. J. H. A. Philipps of

Picton Castle. Several good houses were then built, and one part became known as 'the lawyer's piece'.

'Great' was indeed the name for the Picton Castle Estate. There is an interesting feature on 'Picton Castle And The Philippses' in *Treasury Of Historic Pembrokeshire* [Brawdy Books, 1998], by the late Francis Jones, Wales Herald Extraordinary. Referring to the Philippses, he wrote, 'At one time the family owned nearly a third of the county of Pembroke, besides land in Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire. In the last century they owned over twenty-two parishes.'

Giving evidence in 1856, William Phillips said that he had kept a donkey on the Common, that the man from Pleasant Valley had kept a mare there, and he recalled Captain Ackland building a sheep cot on the Common, near the pond, keeping sheep there, and the shepherd living in the cot in rough weather. David Evans, formerly of Trelissey, remembered the donkey as having been entire. Many years later Ben Price was to write something of the antics of this fierce creature, which he had remembered from his boyhood, and he recalled having 'seen the men with their rods and chains somewhere between 1860 and '64.'

And here we have a classic example of the pitfalls wich can beset researchers, not only those who come here from overseas in search of their roots, but even those of us who have been born here, and lived here all our lives. The Pleasant Valley here referred to was the little valley above the Factory in the Earwear area, and I recollect a day at the Pembrokeshire Records Office, when I was trawling through the Census Returns on micro-film, and a man and his wife were similarly occupied. After a while, by way of a brief respite from the tedium, we fell into conversation, and he said they were tracing his family tree. People by the name of Hitchens. Did I know Amroth? I said yes, I knew Amroth, but I had never heard of any Hitchens, so whereabouts had they come from? Pleasant Valley, he said. So I said yes, of course, down by Stepaside, and he said no, not Stepaside. Pleasant Valley near the Factory. And I said to myself, 'Aye, aye, here's another one.'

Roy Jones his name was, and his wife's name was Robina, from Plymouth. But Roy, a lovely man, had been born and brought up in the Rhondda Valley, and here he was trying to tell me about Amroth. We had many a laugh about it afterwards for a few happy years before

his untimely death, but not even the oldest and most knowledgeable local residents knew that this was so, and Roy admitted that it had taken him a couple of years of misleading research in the records of the Stepaside area before, with the aid of the Tithe Apportionment Map of the 1840's, he came upon the truth. At one time two families had lived in the cottage called Pleasant Valley in the valley above the Factory.

David Evans recalled Captain Ackland having driven soil from the Common for his gardens, and said that the Rev. Biddulph had also done so afterwards.

Unfortunately, no such records or recollections of the Enclosures are available for the similar acts of legalised theft in the Stepaside part of the parish, but there is at the N.L.W. a copy of a map, drawn in 1813 by J. Goode, which shows 'Ambroth Common' clearly delineated. The map, which had been produced during the course of a Suit in Chancery between the complainants, a William Raymond and Henry Child, and the defendant, Daniel Davies, shows a Mr. D. David as having been in possession of the land in the area of Truemans Park, which adjoined the Common, and in 1841 a forty-five-year-old carpenter, Daniel Davies, was living at Truemans Park.

There is no record as to the nature of the dispute, but attached to the map is the statement, 'This Map or Plan was shown to the above Defendant Daniel Davies at the time of his swearing to his Answer in the above Suit hereunto annexed and is the same Map or Plan referred to by him in his said Answer.'

It was in the 1850's–'60's that the Enclosures in the parish were being perpetrated, chiefly by the Picton Estate, and there were a couple of cottages known as Amroth Commons in 1851. They were occupied by John Morgan and Thomas Prout and their families, and were also referred to as Shady Hill and Rosemary Green, which subsequently became Pleasant Green, at which, for some obscure reason, possibly because it has never been bought by anybody 'from off', it has been allowed to remain. Until recently Pleasant Green, adjacent to Plumtree Garden, had been in the Morgan family, since before the Common was enclosed. The Common ran from there to include the Corses and all the way to Merrixton Bottoms.

CHAPTER 6

Local Industry

The farming activities of the parish over the years would have been much the same as elsewhere in the area. How the pattern developed in Pembrokeshire, through good years and bad, and particularly in respect of varying conditions, the relationship between landlord and tenant, master and man, and the increase of owner-occupation, have all been related with considerable scholarship in *Land and People in Nineteenth-Century Wales* by my cousin, Dr. David Howell. Just where, when and how his side of the family managed to drop the 's' from the surname is possibly of no great interest when we remember that in the various records it has appeared as Howel, Howles, Howels, and many and varied permutations in between. Howells we are, for the most part, and David's brother, Brian, is Howells, so that levels things up a bit.

What does surprise those who do not know the area is to discover that so many of our ancestors were involved in the activities more usually associated with the industrial areas.

In addition to my own references to these activities in *Old Saundersfoot,* subtitled *from Monkstone to Marros,* much of the history is available in M. R. C. Price's book, *Industrial Saundersfoot.* It is not always easy when delving into old writings, because reference to a pit near Amroth village in 1793, for example, can be just a little confusing until we remember that Amroth village, as we know it by that name today, did not then exist. As we have already seen, the only Amroth village at that time was near the church, no more than the size of a hamlet. Since the publication of *Industrial Saundersfoot*, in 1982, Martin has done further specialised research and been of considerable help to me in my own research.

During those years, as well as mining in progress in the Killanow and Little Merrixton areas, the colliery at the Coombs was known to have been working in 1845, and although the figures available for 1841 are not as detailed as some of those which came later, they show a goodly proportion of the populace, some of them women and children, as well as the men, as working in the pits. For whatever

reason, R. H. Franks, in his report to the *Commission of Enquiry*, in 1842, made no mention of any pits in Amroth.

M. R. C. Price thinks that the Castle Park pit continued in production until later than that, but that pit would have taken its name from the medieval Amroth Castle, near which there was a field named Castle Park, and would have been referred to on occasion as the Amroth pit. The pit which became known as Castle Gate was sunk near the entrance to the Castle of Captain Ackland's creation.

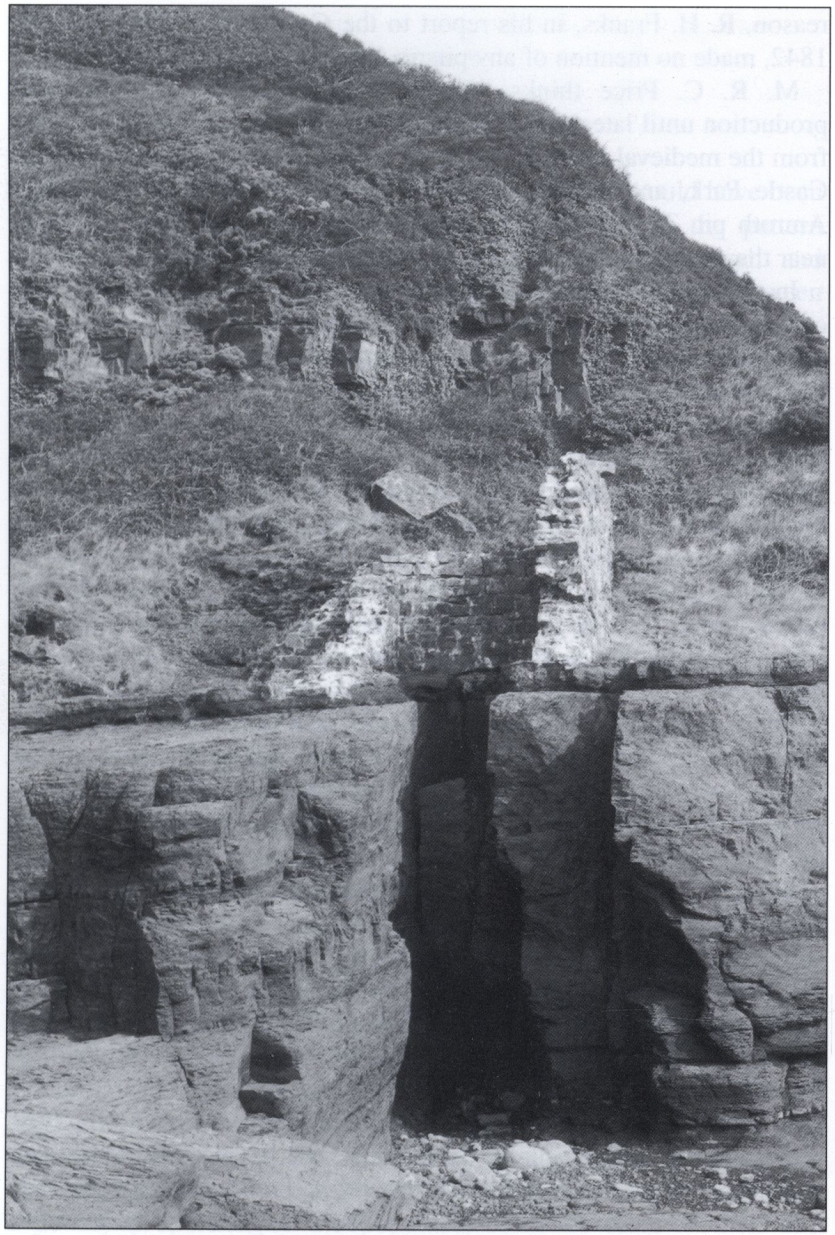
In the *Tenby Observer* of October 19th, 1933, during the course of correspondence of various people about Crunwear and Llanteg, an obviously very old gentleman, writing under the pen-name, 'The Watchman', said *inter alia*,

'You say Captain Ackland gave the Captain's Pond to the inhabitants of Llanteg. I can state here only what I have heard the old folks say of the Captain: that the colliery was nearing completion at Amroth for the working of coal but owing to his untimely death, the operations ceased.'

Flimsy evidence, but enough, I suggest, to explain why no researcher or scholar has ever yet been able to find any figures whatsoever relating to the output from the Castle Gate pit, because there never was any output.

Some of the mining carried out was for iron ore as well as coal, but, whilst this was common to other areas, what was perhaps peculiar to Amroth was the digging of iron ore, as well as coal, from the cliffs between Amroth and Wisemansbridge. This activity had been going on for many years along the coast all the way to Saundersfoot, but with the building of the railway, and the construction of the tunnels, this work could no longer be carried out west of Wisemansbridge. It was largely because of the deposits of iron ore in these cliffs that the decision was taken to build the ironworks near Stepaside, opened in 1849, and to sink the Grove pit nearby. The whole project was a financial disaster, but has been dealt with in detail by M.R.C. Price in *Industrial Saundersfoot*, and by me in *Old Saundersfoot.*

It is known that the Patches, as they were called, were working long before the advent of the Grove, and iron ore was exported from the open beaches at various times. In 1810 Pembrey harbour was built, and trade to it from the Saundersfoot area flourished throughout the 1820's until the closure of Thomas Gaunt's works at Pembrey in 1833.



Remains of old Blacksmith shop at Crickdam Patch.

The railway from Saundersfoot to Wisemansbridge was built in 1834, and only later was the line extended to Stepaside, the original intention being directly concerned with the iron ore activities as well as the coal. My great grandfather, Richard Howells, who died in 1864, nearly twenty years after the Grove ironworks came into being, supplied iron ore to the Grove and had a gang of men, women and children working for him on piece work at the Crickdam Patch.

Although the history of the industrial developments in the parish has been well covered in the various publications, however, little has been written about the social conditions, the members of the individual families, the conditions under which they lived, and how they were affected. One day somebody sculling around in the course of preparing interpretative literature might come across artefacts of what one idiot, writing in a local paper, has referred to as a romantic age. Artefacts, for example, such as the old 'chain and girdle', as the harness was known. The harness was that contraption fastened to the bodies of the children as they hauled their loaded tubs, on all fours like animals, through the Stygian gloom in the bowels of the earth. It was a time when Christian-motivated people were much concerned about the Slave Trade. At least, in some cases, the owners of the slaves believed it was in their interests to keep their property alive and in good working condition. The children of poverty-stricken families were expendable. There is probably something in the Trades and Descriptions Act to prevent that sort of thing happening today.

There is still one small reminder of those days, no doubt of more interest to the antiquarian than to the genealogist. In *Old Saundersfoot* I used a picture of what little remained of the old tally office in the wall opposite Wisemansbridge Inn. I also used a picture of what remained of an old post to which the boats which came in to load coal from the open beach would have been moored, and there is written evidence that the tally office was in ruins before ever the Grove pit could have come into being.

The tally office would have ceased to be of any use after the building of Saundersfoot harbour, which came into use in 1833, and which not only removed the hazard of loading from an open beach, but enabled much bigger boats to come in. It was followed by the sinking of Bonville's Court pit in the 1840's, and then it was that whole families from the surrounding parishes moved to Saundersfoot in search of



Remains of the Tally Office, Wisemansbridge.

work. It is not surprising that a fair number of mates of my boyhood days in Saundersfoot, and so many of the natives, trace their immediate forbears to Amroth. That is to say, as far as there are still any natives to be found in Saundersfoot. Ninety percent of them there nowadays don't even know how to pronounce the name of the place.

In 1856, Philip Gosse spent a summer in Tenby and subsequently published a book, *Tenby: A Seaside Holiday*, devoted mainly to marine history, and the flora and fauna, but availing himself wherever possible of any opportunity to vent his burning hatred of the dreadful papists. There are, however, occasional references to other matters of interest. He describes his route on his visit to Amroth, and it is easy to follow his journey along the old Cliff Road from Wisemansbridge to the Burrows. Had he had as much interest in people as in plants he could have left us something of real value as to what was happening at the Patches below the cliff, and above which he was travelling. He did, however, observe at Wisemansbridge, 'Close by was a little square building, now unroofed and ruined, but showing rosettes of ornamental brickwork in the walls. A barefooted boy told us that this had been a counting house, where the accounts of the mines had been kept.'

Well, fair play, he did indeed note that the boy was barefooted. Whether he was a Prout or a Howells, an Allen or a John, I hope that Philip Gosse, Gent., tossed the poor little soul a coin in return for his information.

CHAPTER 7

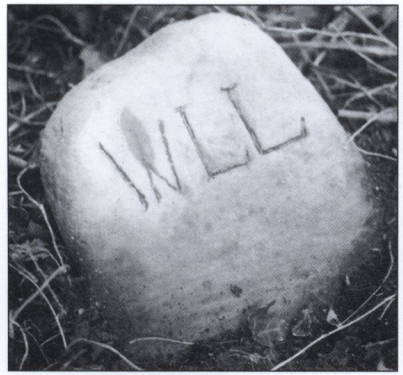
Who moved the Stone?

Having made some reference to the Patches, where the activities played an important role in the life of the parish in the 18th and 19th Centuries, I have no doubt that there are those who will be interested in what visible evidence remains. And since we are thinking especially in terms of those who went away, of the social conditions which hastened their decision, and of their descendants who come back here in increasing numbers to learn more about their roots, it could be helpful to explain about the stones for the benefit of those who come in search and go delving in the undergrowth. So many of them will have had stories handed down to them of ancestors who worked at the Patches digging iron ore and coal.

In 1930 a man by the name of Frank Morrison published a book, which makes compelling reading, under the title, *Who Moved The Stone?* As a young man, even as a committed Christian, he found it difficult when reciting the Creed to say, 'On the third day He rose again.' Over the years it played on his mind so much that eventually he set out on a vast programme of research to prove that it could not have been so.

The more he researched, however, the more bewildered he became. Eventually, having set out to prove one point, after ten years of exhaustive research, he had to write a book which proved exactly the opposite, and he demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt that the stone could only have been moved by Our Lord himself. How I wish that Frank Morrison could be called on for some help now.

In *Old Saundersfoot* I used a picture of the boundary stone on the old Cliff Road, with the initials WLL carved on it. Those were the initials of William Lloyd, of Llanstephan, who owned a considerable acreage of land in Amroth parish, and the stone denoted the ownership of the land on which Lloyd's, or the Rook's Nest, Patch was situated. There were four Patches from which iron ore was being dug at that time, the Bridge Patch, next to Wisemansbridge at the western end of the cliff, then Lloyd's, then Crickdam, and then the Burrows at the eastern end nearest to what is now known as Amroth.



WLL boundary stone.

Rook's Nest, situated along the Cliff Road to the east of Duncow Hill, was referred to by that name when it was offered for sale as a cottage and eleven acres in 1882. No doubt the Rook's Nest acreage would have been valuable for the mineral deposits beneath it.

The boundary stone, partly obscured by undergrowth, would have been there since work at the Patches had ceased in the middle of the 19th Century. Then, within a short time of *Old Saundersfoot* having been published in 1977, it was mentioned to me that somebody had been digging round the stone. There have always been busy, interfering people about, and man changes but little. The next time I had a chance to walk that way I saw that what I had been told was correct, and the base of the stone had been disturbed.

In December, 1990, Alan Shepherd was in Amroth in the course of preparing material for a new edition of one of his guides to the area. Of recent years he has produced some splendid local guides, which will be valuable to future historians long after some of the inferior efforts have been consigned to the wastepaper basket. And that includes the rubbish (1997) produced by someone identified only as a 'professional historian' on behalf of the South Pembrokeshire Partnership for Action with Rural Communities, otherwise known as SPARC.

Before Alan would include a footpath in one of his guides he would walk every inch of it. On this occasion he wanted to include the old Cliff Road from Amroth to Wisemansbridge. At the beginning of the 20th Century the Highways Authority had failed to protect this road from erosion, so that part of it became no more than a footpath, starting at the Wisemansbridge end and finishing at the Amroth end, and even that had to be diverted slightly in-land in one place.

This stretch of old road and path are now included in the much publicised National Park coastal path. This was walked officially for the old Pembrokeshire County Council, just after the war, by the late R. M. Lockley, a character who had honed and polished to a fine art

the ability to extract money by way of grant and subsidy from just about every sort of public fund known to mankind. Few people now seem to realise that the path was always there anyway.

Alan Shepherd thought it would be a point of interest in his next guide to have a picture of the WLL stone and to include a brief history of the Patches. The stone was near the Wisemansbridge end, and I gave him a rough idea of where to find it. The December afternoon was far advanced, and the light was not good, but he found the stone, as he thought, rested the camera on some convenient protuberance, and gave his picture a time exposure of several seconds. To his great delight he produced an excellent picture, but with the initials LM clearly to be seen. When he told me I asked him where the stone was. Having set off from Amroth, along the old Cliff Road, he had come to a stone, thought that must be it, and taken his picture accordingly. So now we realised that we had a stone at the Amroth end as well, and that would have been Lord Milford's boundary stone as the one time owner of the Crickdam Patch and, for that matter, also the Burrows Patch, near which the stone was.

At the first opportunity, I walked up from the Amroth end and, sure enough, there, amidst the undergrowth, was the stone with the initials LM on it. That was in January, 1991. Some time later, I walked up again. By that time, however, the Ayatollahs of that mighty quango known as the National Park, a far cry from the concept of the American National Parks, which are mainly areas of uninhabited wilderness owned by the Federal Government, had ordered a frantic trimming out of the Cliff path, no doubt because of an impending public enquiry, and the pressing need to make it look as if they really were doing something useful. There was no sign of the LM stone anywhere to be seen.



LM boundary stone.

It was not until March, 1993, that I again walked the Cliff path from the Wisemansbridge end and, to my utter bewilderment, saw that the WLL stone had been replaced by the LM stone. As we grow older, if we are honest with ourselves,

we all too often have reason to have doubts concerning our failing mental faculties. But failing mental faculties or not, all I could do was stare, and stare again, in utter disbelief.

Three weeks later, I picked up my cousin Ivor, one time magistrate and Chairman of the Bench, pillar of nonconformity, and knowledgeable on our local history, to come with me to see what he could make of it. What else could he do but, as I did, stare in utter disbelief? I was stone-cold sober at the time, whilst Ivor was a lifelong total abstainer.

As well as using a picture of the WLL stone in *Old Saundersfoot* I also used a picture of an old iron gate-post. It was one of the pair, which along with the gate, had seen service at the Killanow toll-gate until its demise near the end of the 19th Century. They were moved to their new location, early in the present century, by John Williams of Tinker's Hill, which, like Killanow, was on the Colby Lodge estate. The gate, known as 'the black gate', had long since been replaced, but the posts remained. Maybe if I had not thus drawn attention to them, they, like the WLL stone, would still be there. Tinker's Hill, however, along with some of the cliff area, fell into the hands of the National Trust, a London-based outfit, which exists, according to a fond and foolish notion held by some folks, to protect the interests of the countryside, about which many of their minions know precious little. They moved the gate-posts to Colby Lodge. As the village lady of easy virtue said, 'You can do what you like with your own.' She must have considered that she had sound authority as well, because it says in the Good Book (Matthew Ch. 20 v. 15), 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?'

I am assured, however, by all honest souls of whom I have enquired, that, although it is known what happened to the gate-posts, nobody knows anything whatsoever about the moving of the LM stone to the spot once occupied by the now-vanished WLL stone. Which is why I said that we could do with somebody like Frank Morrison to help us in our enquiries.

It is perhaps to go ahead of the story, but an even more recent movement of an ancient stone is not so much a question of who, but why? Once upon a time, long, long ago, before the coming of SPARC into our lives, our ancestors, way back in the dim and distant past, set up the famous blue stones from Preseli at Stonehenge. Exactly how they did it is a matter of opinion.

Once upon a time, too, there was a boundary stone, maybe six feet or so in height, on the beach near where the stream enters the sea near New Inn, which is to say in the area which was once known as Earwear. This stone had the letter 'E' carved on it, which announced to the world in general that the land hereabouts was the property of Squire Elliott. Which of the long line of Elliotts we cannot now be sure, but the archaeologists suggest that it would probably have been 16th or 17th Century. There were still those around at the beginning of the 20th Century who were prepared to say that that was what they had been told by those who had gone before them. As it used to say on the bottle of gripe water, and maybe still does for all I know, 'Granny told Mother, and Mother told me.'

The 'E' on the stone had been carved in a most scholarly manner and, in addition, on another side of the stone a faint arrow had been carved. Received archaeological opinion is that the carver was so proud of his workmanship that he was anxious lest some illiterate medieval types might come along and erect the thing upside down. It was his way of saying, 'This way up.'

It would appear from the older maps that in those days the stream ran straight out to the sea through the Mill field. Mention was made in *Amroth: A Brief History* of the original route of Brandy Brook, where it entered the sea at the Burrows, roughly in the area between where Coedmôr and the Osborne shop now stand. The same situation would have pertained further along at New Inn Lake, as it has generally been known for many years.

Over the years, waste from the cliff workings all along the coast from Amroth to Wisemansbridge, as well as ballast from the sailing ships, would have been washed eastwards by the tides, with the prevailing south-west winds behind them, to form a great bank of stones. Each autumn both streams were bringing down decaying foliage, which gradually filled the gaps between the stones until an almost solid, impregnable wall was formed. Water has a way of finding its own level and of working its way through, so the streams changed course and found their way onto the beach slightly further to the east in both cases. Come the thunderstorms and massive floods, however, and something would have to give.

There was a classic example of this in August, 1939, when there was a great thunderstorm, and torrential rain flooded the Mill and the

whole of the New Inn valley. By that time the stream was already finding its way as far as it could go to the east and reaching the cliffs by Black Rock to form what was in effect a great lake. Then the churning waters burst through their bank of pebbles, and there was a mighty roar and rumbling in the night as the raging torrent rushed towards the sea.

On the Sunday morning there was an incredible sight to behold. The bridge at New Inn had collapsed, and the swollen stream was roaring out through a huge gap in the pebbles. In those days there was a much greater bank of stones there than there is today, and it was like looking down into a miniature Grand Canyon. No stones have been washed to the east since the cessation of work at the Patches and the days when sailing ships no longer came into Saundersfoot harbour in ballast. Out on the beach there were trout of a size to beggar the description in the wildest story of any fisherman.

The New Inn bridge had been built in 1907, and one of my father's first jobs after leaving school had been tending the masons there. With the building of the bridge, and the realigning of a short section of the road, Squire Elliott's boundary stone was cast to one side, and there it remained until, so it is said, picnickers built a fire round it, which cracked it, and the parts were dragged up to the old quarry in the Factory lane. And this is where we come to the present-day mystery, not of who moved the stone, but why?

This is modern history now, as distinct from ancient history, but it could be helpful and of some interest one day to those who come after us. We have already made reference to SPARC. Exactly who they are, or what they are, is a good question, and one of the mysteries of our time. All that is known for sure is that they are great providers of 'jobs for the boys' (and girls), and have built up an unenviable reputation for organising the squandering of other people's money.

They organised the demolition of the village public convenience which, when it was built in the 1950's had been the first such amenity the village had ever had, for it to be replaced with an edifice which even the builder went on record as saying had been a disgraceful waste of money, costing somewhere in excess of £200,000, and which brought the village into the national consciousness with a splendid article in the *Sunday Telegraph* by Byron Rogers. The old convenience was demolished in the spring in time for the summer visitors to have to plait their legs throughout the season and rely on the goodwill of

the local publicans. Its replacement, which was hailed as the most palatial *pissoir* (a French word) in the Principality, was opened just in time to be closed down for the winter in conformity with the policy of the Local Health Authority.

SPARC also organised the pulling down of the village hall in Amroth, which seemed to have outlived the useful purpose for which it had been built in the 1950's, and replaced it with what was described as an enhancement area. This included the planting of shrubs which had no hope of surviving in the teeth of the sea breezes, and within months of completion the wall was demolished by the first high tide. Then the perpetrators abandoned the site to the tender care of anybody in the village likely to be interested, just as they did with the Captain's Pond at Llanteg, and moved on to organise the squandering of our money on other ridiculous projects elsewhere in the rural areas.

All this will go down in the annals of 20th Century stupidity. What has not been recorded is what they thought they were doing when they then conveyed the top part of Squire Elliott's boundary stone and erected it as some sort of adornment in the enhancement area, without any mention of what it was or whence it came. Maybe that was because they did not know, and their professional historian could not tell them.

In the fullness of time some latter-day professional historian will no doubt be produced to explain that possibly it signified Earwear, which was the old name for Amroth. So was it not a pity that, in their ignorance, they did not know that the 'E' was for Elliott, and that they fetched it from Earwear and stuck it in the middle of the Burrows?



Squire Elliott's boundary stone.

CHAPTER 8

What the Census Returns tell us

As far as I know there has never been any detailed study of the Census Returns for Amroth parish, so some reference to them could be of interest.

In a Public Records Office handbook No: 23, *Making Sense of the Census*, by Edward Higgs (1989), there is the following interesting comment, 'The indications are, therefore, that the information relating to medical disabilities is very untrustworthy. Aggregate analysis based on this data may have some uses for comparative purposes, but the results cannot be used to estimate the overall extent, or relative importance, of the various medical disabilities suffered by Victorians.'

Be that as it may, the Returns have been compiled in the first year of every decade since 1841, and much of the information is very informative. From 1851 onwards there is more information given than in the Returns for 1841, and it is surprising to find the difference in occupations between the two sides of the parish. Although coal-mining in the eastern part of the parish had virtually ended by the end of the 18th Century, it is nevertheless somewhat unexpected to find that, in 1851, there were only nine miners, including boys, dwelling east of Brandy Brook, as against fifty-three in the western part. This sort of ratio continued for the rest of the century, with coal being worked at the Grove and Lower Level collieries. In 1871 there was not a single miner in the eastern part of the parish, as against eighty-one in the west. In 1881 and 1891, the comparable figures were two and three, as against fifty-one and sixty-two.

To some of us of the older generation, who know what we have been told by our ancestors, at first sight it is of even more interest to find how few people would seem to have been employed in the working of the iron ore at the Patches. And this is where the figures could mislead us, because the entries, according to the whim of the enumerator of the day, varied between coal-miner, collier, iron-miner or, most significantly of all, just miner. There were many of them in this category, and they could have been iron-miners equally as well as coal-miners or, in some cases, something of both.

It must also be remembered that, following the failure of Thomas Gaunt's works in the 1830's, the digging of iron ore at the Patches during those earlier years of the first Census Returns, was mainly in conjunction with activity at the Grove ironworks, which had opened in 1849. And work there was so sporadic that the Census was sometimes taken when no work was going on at the Grove, so that no iron ore was being dug. Nor, for the same reason, would there have been entries of those employed from time to time in the various trades there.

Due to a gas explosion in 1850, for example, there had been damage to machinery, making it necessary to blow out the only furnace in use at that time, and iron making was suspended until 1852. So that covers the Census figures for 1851.

Then again, just prior to 1861, there had been an industrial dispute, the iron trade was depressed, and the only work in hand at the Grove was in order to use up iron ore which had been stock-piled. In 1871 the Grove was not working, and, although there was one last attempt to work again later in the 1870's, by the time of the 1881 Census the enterprise had passed into history.

During those years some iron ore was being exported to Port Talbot from Saundersfoot harbour, but some was also being loaded on to open boats from the beach, and we have the evidence of Martha Carrall's 'round shoolders', as told to my father. By 1891 she was a fifty-three-year-old widow and general labourer living at the Cambrian, when it was entered as a preaching house. At the same time her seventeen-year-old daughter was working as a farm servant, and fifteen-year-old John was working underground. Martha's widowed aunt, eighty-three-year-old Bridget John, was living with them and they were nursing two children of eight and three. That was all in just two rooms at the Cambrian, so maybe I should be writing of this in a chapter on hardship.

For the first time, the information in the 1891 Returns included a note on the language spoken. Another innovation for that year was to give the number of rooms occupied when they were fewer than five. The mind is numbed when we see the overwhelming number of cases where families were living in conditions which today are beyond our comprehension. It sheds light, too, on many of the entries for the Census in earlier years when there appeared sometimes to have been more than one cottage of the same name. It is when we come to the number of rooms occupied by a family in 1891 that we realise that in

earlier entries, far from there having been more than one cottage of the same name, it was merely a case of so many people, and more than one family, being huddled together under the same roof.

This sort of reference is to be found in many social studies and local histories, and the figures are analysed and discussed, and we read them and say dear me, and fancy that. But when we look at the names, and know them for our own kith and kin, our own parents and grandparents, it brings it home to us far more forcibly, and puts a different complexion on it altogether.

I also made brief reference earlier to the forlorn piles of stones, overgrown by brambles, which might be found here and there, but it could be an exaggeration to refer in some cases to a pile of stones. So many of the families to whom there has been reference, especially when speaking of hardship, lived in nothing but miserable hovels, built of clom, with rat-infested thatched roofs, little by way of windows for light or any sort of ventilation, and with wet running down the walls. The only hope of keeping them dry was to have the smoking *ball* fires burning day and night.

Even though the pair of cottages known as the Cambrian were possibly something more substantial, from the time when they were built one part was being entered as a Poor House, from which we know that there was somebody living there who was being supported by the parish. Right through to the1890's, as well as entries under the name Cambrian, there were entries for Poor House, on one occasion for no fewer than six of them with one room apiece. On other occasions there were also entries for a Preaching House, to which reference can be made later.

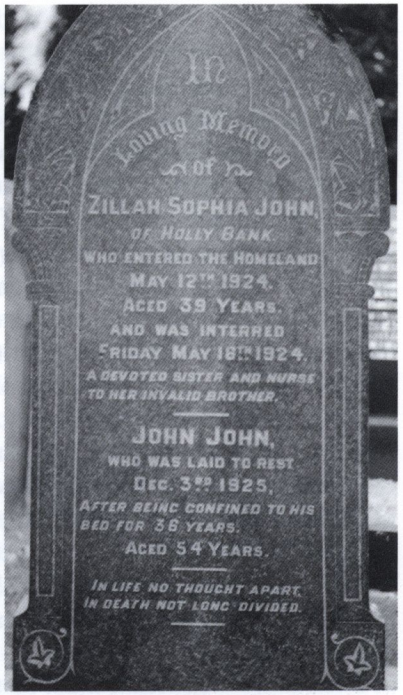
At Whitelays, Robert John and his wife, Zillah, were living in two rooms with their eight children, the eldest of whom was a nineteen-year-old cripple. Yes, of course, dear me, and fancy that. It so happens that here is a typical case in point where it assumes more significance than mere figures, because, from earliest boyhood, right through to the present day, I have had so many close connections with descendants of that family, not least because they were amongst those who had needed to move to Saundersfoot in search of work.

That particular entry comes to life when we look at the headstone in the churchyard, and it will be appreciated that Johnny John's young sister, another Zillah, nursed him devotedly, after they had moved

down the road to Holly Bank, until she died eighteen months before he did at the age of thirty-nine.

In another two rooms at Whitelays, Thomas Griffiths and his wife, Martha, were living with their six children between the ages of six and fifteen. Whitelays, though, was an exception, because there was also a two-roomed cottage there, as well as the four-roomed house. Luxury indeed.

A stone's-throw away across the bank, in two rooms at Duncow Hill, my grandfather, Ben Howells, was living with his wife and six children, of whom my father was the youngest at the age of one. One more child was to be born there the following year, when the young mother died in childbirth at the age of thirty-one. In the other two rooms Gramfer's bachelor brother was living with their seventy-six-year-old mother, Mary.



Headstone of John John and his sister, Zillah.

No such figures for the number of rooms were given for the years before 1891, but they were the same hovels, and we can see for ourselves how many poor, often starving, units of humanity were huddled together in them, even if we can no longer imagine the squalor in which they had to suffer in those times of poverty and famine which were even worse than others.

Nor is that all. We sometimes look at the Census figures and see families with gaps of some years between the ages of the children. Then we turn to the Church registers and see the number of children in between who had died in infancy. Yes, indeed, truly a romantic age.

In the last decade of the 18th Century, for example, there were more than fifty deaths in the parish of children from one to five years old. The register gives no cause, but we can be reasonably certain that they would have died from such endemic diseases as diarrhoea, whooping

cough, measles, scarlet fever and typhus. There was a wide choice, and no vaccination was available.

Oddly enough, where people survived those early hazards, some of them, apart from the miners who succumbed at an early age to conditions underground, lived to a good age. Elizabeth Powell, an Amroth pauper, died in 1805 at the age of one-hundred-and-five. Time was when older people of our generation loved to recall the years when Queen Victoria was on the throne. I wonder whether Elizabeth Powell had ever even heard of Queen Anne in far-off London, before the coming of the German, George I.

Then again, there is the question of school-children. Sometimes entered as 'schooler', or 'schoolar', or 'scholar', according to the whim or spelling proficiency of the enumerator, there were ninety-four in 1851, rising to one hundred and eighty-one in 1871. And in that year there were but two school-teachers recorded, John Rogers, of whose family we shall hear much in due course, at Amroth school, and his thirteen-year-old daughter, Eliza, who was his assistant. Presumably there would have been a school-teacher of sorts at Stepaside at the same time. It was, too, an age when older children acted as monitors or assistants.

Even more significant must be the fact that so many children would have been entered as scholars when they never went near a place of learning. Not only did parents not encourage them to go to school, but insisted that they should stay away in order to earn the desperately-needed shilling to keep the home together. As well as being engaged in all sorts of menial jobs on the land, work at the coal face and picking iron ore was there for the taking, and employers encouraged it. Children were considered to be preferable to adults for hauling the coal tubs underground because of the confined space, and, on the word of the pit owners themselves, the children worked two or three hours longer per day than the adults.

At the time of which Ben Price was writing there was some sort of compulsion for parents to send their children to school until the age of eight, although many of them did not take it too seriously when there was a need for the children to go out and earn money. Sandon's Act of 1872 forbade employment for boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen, unless they could show that they had reached a specific standard of proficiency in the Three R's, or had attended school for

five years, and it was known as the Dunce's Pass. A child who lived more than two miles from a public elementary school was exempted, and employment of children out of school time was not forbidden.

Eventually, the Education Acts of 1876 and 1880 made school compulsory to the age of ten, and thereafter until the age of fourteen, unless the pupil could pass the examination to show that enough had been learned to be allowed to leave. All these Acts proved to be lax in their application, because the employers wanted the cheap labour, and the parents desperately needed the money. As Derek Bok said, 'If you think education is expensive – try ignorance.'

In conjunction with the coal industry, and indeed very much a part of it at times, was the burning of lime for use on the land. Even as late as the 19th century there is the occasional reference in the Census Returns to lime-burners or their wives.

George Owen, the Elizabethan historian, made the point that during the last thirty or forty years of the 16th Century there had been a considerable increase in the practice of burning lime for use as fertiliser and to sweeten the grass, and he gave interesting details of how the kilns operated. Lime-kilns reached the peak of their use towards the end of the 18th Century. Then came the tragedy for the rural peasants of the Commons Enclosures, the turning of arable land down to grass, and the Industrial Revolution, all of which resulted in an exodus of workers from the land, culminating in the eventual agricultural depression towards the end of the 19th Century.



Remains of the old lime kiln, Amroth.

Lime kilns were to be found in many places near the shore, and the shipping of burnt lime and lime-

stone, and the coal for burning, was an integral part of coastal trade. It was with the coming of the railway in the 1860's, and the introduction of basic slag and chemical fertiliser that the trade declined and eventually ceased. A good example of a small local kiln remains in the centre of the village to this day. At one time it was known as the Kiln Field, and the old maps show it to have been there long before the village. It is anybody's guess as to when it was last used, but it could well have been burning lime as early as the 17th Century, and possibly much earlier.

Apart from any other use to which the lime from this particular kiln may have been put, no doubt some of it went to the tan pits below Hannah's Plain on the coast road from Amroth to Pendine. Lime was an essential ingredient in the process of tanning, as was dog's dung. But in those days there were not nearly as many dogs, mostly from the multitude of animal rescue centres, splattering their tootsy-woopsies all over the beach and the village pavements as there are today.

The number of farmers in the parish remained fairly constant, with the lowest figure being twenty-six in 1871, and thirty-four in 1881. These figures, too, can be misleading, because some of those classed as farmers had no more than ten acres of land, and some of them even less than that. There were possibly not many more than half-a-dozen farms in the parish which could have been regarded as substantial.

Nearly all the smaller farmers were also engaged in some other additional occupation, whether as miner, publican or any one of a dozen trades necessary to the well-being, or even the survival, of the rural dwellers. The fact, therefore, that for much of the time there was usually only one butcher given for the parish, is neither here nor there. The fact that there were sometimes as many as eight blacksmiths must be set against the knowledge that such would have been the trade of some of those working at the Grove ironworks, just as there were those classed as railway labourers when the line from Saundersfoot to Wisemansbridge was being re-laid and extended to Stepaside.

Not infrequently there is an entry in the Returns to the effect that the wife is the head of the household and married, but without mention of any husband. Usually this would have been because the man would have been away for the winter working in the coal-mines

of the valleys of South Wales, and would be coming back to work on the land in the summer season.

Very rarely is there any mention of a man being unemployed. There was precious little unemployment benefit or State relief in those days. The next move, made so much easier after the coming of the railway in the 1860's, would be up-sticks and away to the coalmines of the Welsh valleys, or the industrial areas of England. Even before that it was often a case of over the ocean to Canada, New Zealand or Australia. And yes, Utah, or the coalmines of Pennsylvania.

The Census Returns tell their own sad story with the number of cottages which began to be abandoned and fall into ruins from the 1850's onwards.

Chapter 9

And there was Hardship

We shall read later of young Jimmy Thain's references to working barefooted in the 1870's, to the scabs on his bare back, and his tears, and when we think of how those children must have suffered, and what they endured, in his days, it is hard to understand that it could have been an improvement on fifty years previously.

Richard Howells was still at the Cambrian in 1857 when his daughter, Liza, married John Absalom, the son of Ben Absalom, a mason. But Ben Absalom had not always been a mason. And he had another son, William, who was one of the boys interviewed by R. H. Franks for the *Commission of Enquiry into the Employment of Children* in 1842. The 'Kilgetty Colliery' referred to in that report was probably the old Engine Pit.

Although for generations the Absaloms have been associated with Pleasant Valley, Benjamin Absalom, at the time of the Franks Report was, in fact, living at Red Walls, over in St. Issell's parish, along the road towards Heronsmill.

In talking of my own family it is tempting to digress when mentioning Heronsmill, where Walter Evans, and his wife, Keziah, had sixteen children. If it is wondered where they all slept in a four-roomed cottage, it might be pertinent to remember that there were never more than six children at home at any one time, the rest of them being out in service by the age of ten or eleven. Sarah, the eldest, born in 1844, was on the high seas for Australia at the age of twelve, before the last nine of the younger ones were born. A grandson of Francis, the eleventh child, was to become Lord McLaurin, who built the great Tesco empire, and later, in the sporting field, became Chairman of the England and Wales Cricket Board. Perhaps it is not surprising that I set my first novel there under that title.

To return to the Absaloms, however, it is worth recalling the testimony of Benjamin's son, William, who was described as 'a hauler of skips'. The Report goes on to say, 'Been hauling skips for years. Work from six in the morning till eight and nine at night; never earlier than seven. I work for Ben Howard, the contractor. He pays me every

other Wednesday, always in money. When goods [coals] are regular and ready my wages are 4s. a-week. The girls work as long as the boys. We take bread and butter below and sometimes cheese. The water is good, so we drink it when thirsty. Never got hurt. Recollect Thomas Phillips breaking his arm in two places twelve months ago. John Jones got his arm broke; William Jones cut his arm open, and was a long time off; and John Philip sadly crushed his arm below. No married women work in the mine. I live about a mile and a half from the works, and feel weary when done, as the work is very hard. I generally draw three score and ten drams daily. Our skips hold 1? cwt. of goods. Where I haul the vein is only 18 to 20 inches high, and the crawling through is very difficult.

Men find it very difficult to work the coal here; it is as hard as brick, and they shoot away the roof, and work on their bellies and their sides. The workings are very dry, as the masters have sunk a pit below and pump up all the water.

We are frequently obliged to stop below, as the men blow [blast] the roofs all day, and that keeps us down frequently longer. Men go away when they please, as they work by jobs; but we must work whether we like it or not, or else we get the girdle [strap], and they give us plenty of it sometimes.

Father was a collier and works at Kingsmoor, just by, as the shortness of his breath prevents his labouring in the mine. He is much better, now that he gets fresh air; he earns 8s. a week, but works longer than he did when on coal; not been to school for five years. [Reads very well; very intelligent, but appeared dejected in spirits.]' Oh, dear me, I wonder why?

Lionel Brough, Esq., the visiting engineer, thought that the miners were doing very well with good cottages, 'supplied at a moderate rent, and with good gardens attached.' We have already noted the preference for having children underground to haul the skips because of their shorter stature, and Brough was another who subscribed to this belief. It was necessary, he said, to have the younger children to haul the skips because of the lack of headroom where the men had dug the coal lying on their sides. To raise the height would have affected the profitability of the owners. Apart from all that, he considered it was good for the children to start work underground so early in life, because 'it gave them an early opportunity to learn their

trade and to start to support themselves.' Quite right, too. Well done, that man.

The surgeon, Thomas George Noote, Esq., of Begelly, was rather more understanding. Having spoken in some detail of the injuries and diseases from which the men suffered, and which reduced their average expectancy of life to about forty years of age, he then went on to say, 'The practice of taking children into the mines does materially tend to injure the health, in consequence of the inhalation of impure air producing a constriction of the muscular fibres of the bronchiae, thereby causing asthma.

Were it possible to be done, I would not allow a child to be taken into the pits before the age of 15, but in consequence of the depth of ore they are frequently taken at a much earlier age.

Principally speaking, the dwelling of the working class is such that there is not a free circulation of air, the windows being generally fastened; a numerous family sleep in the same bed; no convenience for cleanliness; and from those causes when typhus prevails it continues from 12 to 20 weeks, which materially adds to the misery of the poor.'

Of the total work force of one hundred and twenty-nine at that time, forty-two were females. Of those, ten were girls under thirteen and there were thirteen boys under thirteen.

There are more than enough cases of hardship about which to write in order to make the point, but having mentioned great grandfather Richard's daughter, Liza, who married Johnny Absalom, perhaps it would be as well to deal with the rest of his family before turning our attention elsewhere.

The next child after Liza was Margaret, but she died when she was four, so they called the next girl Margaret again . . . 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken back. Blessed be the name of the Lord. If we take happiness from the hand of the Lord, should we not take sorrow too?' In 1865 she married Edwin Allen of Quarry Park, a son of the blacksmith, Henry Allen, who, as we shall see later, tried to throw the Mormon, Daniel Williams, into Brandy Brook. Edwin and Margaret's first child had been born a couple of months before they married, but they probably had nowhere to live.

When they married they made their home at the Cambrian with Margaret's maternal grandmother, Anne Bevan.



Edwin Allen.

By that time Richard Howells and his family had moved to Duncow Hill, and Anne had moved in to live at the Cambrian, probably in two rooms, because there were also three other families living there. She was by now living on her own as an almswoman, and she evidently offered Edwin and Margaret a home when they married, sharing her two rooms. Altogether they had three children. In the May of 1868, their first child, Mary, died at the age of three, in June their second child, Henry, died at the age of one, then in November, Anne Bevan, Margaret's grandmother, died at the age of eighty-one. Then there was a brief respite until January 1870, when their third child, Edwin, died at the age of one. In April, Margaret died at the age of twenty-five, making it five deaths in under two years to leave Edwin Allen a widower at the age of twenty-four.

Following this he went away to work as a collier in Bedwellty, but he came back later to marry a girl from Stepaside by the name of Martha Griffiths. Amongst their children they had a daughter, Winnie Allen. I knew nothing of all this until years after I had been a bearer at her funeral, but she had become a particularly well-read schoolteacher, who eventually married the carpenter, Stanley James, of Amroth, son of Benny James for whom my father worked as a boy. They had two daughters, Eileen and Vera, and we have been friends since childhood. All of which can be of little interest to anybody, except perhaps to the student of such coincidences, that it took somebody to come over here from America a few years ago researching their family tree to tell us something which none of us had known.

Before Margaret Howells was born, however, there had been George. He, too, was a collier, and he went away to Wigan for a brief spell when times were particularly bad. There, he was killed at the age of thirty-three in an underground explosion, leaving a young widow with three small boys and another on the way.

After that, there had been Mary, but she died at the age of fifteen months, and then came Richard. He started off all right, working underground, but finished up with pneumoconiosis and coughed his way to a lingering death for years before eventually dying at the age of fifty-three.

That left Gramfer Ben. I have already referred to his pretty young wife, eighteen-year-old Susannah Phillips, of Thomas Chapel, whose parents had both worked underground as children at the Hayes pit. There is no record as to what conditions were like where they worked, but the manager at nearby Begelly colliery, Mr. Robert Brough, said that they did not employ many children under the age of ten 'because they were not strong enough.' Pity about that.

Susannah died at Duncow Hill at the age of thirty-one, leaving seven children under the age of eleven, including the new-born baby named after her.

For a better understanding of what conditions were like in the parish, today's generation might well turn to the reminiscences of Ben Price. The time of which he was writing was one of severe rural depression, following the Crimean War, and some of his recollections could be as apposite as anything written of that era, because he had been brought up in the locality and was very much a child of the times.

'The poor,' he wrote, 'were poor indeed, and how those families who lived in the little cottages with only small gardens attached managed to exist at all on the miserable pay then received for daily labour has ever been a mystery to me. Their daily food was barley bread, mostly in the form of unleavened cakes baked on the "plank" over the open fire (for but few of the cottages could boast of an oven of any kind), and "porrage" or broth with vegetables of all sorts boiled in it, flavoured with a small piece of home-cured bacon, varied occasionally by "weshbra" (flummery) and milk, or budram made of the soaked oatmeal bran; or flour and milk cooked to the consistency of babies' "pap"; rice and milk with a few currants thrown in (which

was the nearest approach to rice pudding); or "hasty" pudding, which was barley meal boiled in water and eaten with milk (if milk could be found or spared), or treacle. Butter had to be sparingly used, although there was plenty produced by their own industry. It had to be taken to market to be sold, as had the eggs, poultry, sheep and cattle to provide money for clothes, furniture, implements, rent, etc. I have made the statement, and I believe it true, that but few of the people of those parts then could tell the difference between beef and mutton or veal, as they seldom had the chance to taste the flesh of those animals they spent their lives in rearing and attending. To eat butter and cheese, or butter and treacle (jam was practically an unknown luxury), was to be guilty of a heinous sin and unpardonable prodigality, and so it was to burn two of those miserable tallow candles in the same room at one time.'

He said that the 'h'-penny candles, with stout wicks, which, unless they were constantly snuffed, almost obscured the flame, were the only illuminants except for those little tin oil lamps without glass globes or chimneys, the wicks of which had to be cleared or drawn up by means of a pricker of some kind, and for which purpose a stocking needle or a "preen" would have to serve. The brilliant paraffin lamp had not then been brought into use, and probably not invented, and 'the artificial light at the service of people in the rural districts was of a very dismal kind.'

Having written of such methods of lighting as were available and their inadequacy, Ben Price then spoke of the story-telling round the dim light of the fireplace and went on to say, 'What reading there was was confined to the Old and New Testament, and I do think that there was then prevalent a more intimate acquaintance with the contents of the sacred volume, and a clearer and more intelligent conception of the essentials of the Christian faith that I regret to think are to be found in the present day with all its improvements and advantages.'

And that was Ben Price's opinion of the state of affairs in the 1920's.

Having referred to the gradual integration of the native Welsh with the Flemish settlers, he made some interesting observations on the language of the area, and said, 'Although the language is English, and at the time I speak of some slight indications of the old antagonism to the Welsh people would occasionally appear, yet the people of this

district have by now acquired practically all the characteristics of the Welsh in appearance, feeling, and habits; and every one of them whom I met away from home is proud to call himself a Welshman.'

Whilst that observation is as true today as when Ben Price made it, there is one other rather sad thought. The 1891 Census Returns, in asking for more information than previously, also made specific reference to language, and people were asked what language was spoken, Welsh, English, or both. The overwhelming number spoke English only. Occasionally there would be the household where one or other of the parents, and sometimes both, would speak Welsh as well as English. Those would have been the households where one or both parents had come down from the Welsh parts, up Llanboidy way, or somewhere above Narberth. Inevitably, however, the children would be monoglot English. We have to remember that it was the age of the iniquitous 'Welsh Not', when schoolchildren were forbidden to speak their native tongue. A card with these two words would be tied round the neck of a child heard to use a Welsh word, who would then suffer the indignity of carrying it until hearing a friend committing a similar misdemeanour. So it would continue until the end of the day, when the child then carrying the 'Welsh Not' would be caned. It is sad to think that children were thus denied the use of their native tongue, with all its lovely, lilting melody, and that by the fireside and round the table the parents did not do something to encourage it. It would have done the children no harm, and been greatly to their benefit, to be able to speak more than one language, as well as a help in learning foreign languages. I am free to say this because, although I have mixed much with Welsh-speaking people, I have never learned the language myself, and have only ever been made to feel conscious of this when away from home and meeting Welsh-speaking people in England. Much of this would no doubt be due to the natural courtesy of the Welsh people, as distinct from the type of bigot to be met with occasionally here and there. If I had my time over again, I would most certainly learn the language.

CHAPTER 10

Mary Prout

Having seen something of the squalor, the deprivation, and the hardship of the times, it might be easier to understand one of the saddest, and yet in many ways comforting, stories, which is that of the girl, Mary Prout. It is a story to which frequent references have been made over the years, with more than one television programme produced by those who have tried to piece the story together. Apart from being of interest to some of those whose ancestors left the parish to start a new life overseas, it gives a fair idea of social conditions and attitudes at the time.

As with all rural areas there must have been some fascinating stories over the years, some sad and heart-breaking, and some inspiring, of those who were born and lived in the parish. Some died in the parish, and many more moved on, in some cases never to be heard of again. All too often their stories will have been lost for ever and will never be told, just as the cottages in which they so often lived in miserable conditions are now no more than bramble-covered stones, even their names long since forgotten.

In 1796, Thomas Prout of Foxenholes married Anne Hancock of the adjoining smallholding, Summerhill, and they had a number of children. One of them was a son, Thomas, born about 1815. In 1836, he married Mary, the daughter of James and Sarah Llewellyn of nearby Little Whitelays, otherwise known as The Cliff, and they made their home at Foxenholes. Originally it would seem to have been known as Fox-and-Hounds, and was sometimes entered as Foxenhools, which should surprise nobody familiar with South Pembrokeshire pronunciation. In more recent years it became just another Summerhill. Mary, one of Thomas and Mary Prout's several children, was born in January, 1843.

In 1861, Mary's mother died and, in 1863, the widower, Thomas Prout, married Ann Prout of White Park, just over the border in St. Issell's parish. Mary's relationship with her stepmother was not a happy one, and it would also seem that her widowed grandmother, Anne Prout, the former Anne Hancock, was by no means kind to her.



Foxenholes.

In 1861, she was a seventy-one-year-old widow living on the parish at a cottage named Mountain, which was in the Summerhill area, where the Hancock family lived.

Mary was at home at Foxenholes when her mother died, in 1861, but shortly afterwards was in service at a house somewhere in Saundersfoot, which is clear from the evidence given at her subsequent trial, as reported at length in the *Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph* of July 13th, 1864. It is also evident that by that time she was making her home with her grandmother.

In the autumn of 1863 she had found herself to be with child, but there is no record of her having named the father. Tradition has it that he was the son of the house at which she was in service and that she was turned out. Prior to the *Poor Law Amendment Act* of 1834, when a single girl gave birth to a child out of wedlock, the onus had been on whoever she named to prove otherwise. Following the passing of the Act the onus was on the mother to prove who the father was. In the days before blood tests and other modern techniques her case was often hopeless, and it was by no means unusual for her to have to

head for the workhouse. Whether Mary took her trouble home is not known, but, if she did, she evidently received a poor reception in that staunchly Primitive Methodist household, because she entered Narberth workhouse, known as the Union in those days, on February 12th, 1864, and gave birth there to a baby daughter on April 9th. She named the child Rhoda, no doubt with great affection, after her young sister of that name, who had died the previous year at the age of seven.

The stark entry in the St. Issell's church register of burials says simply, 'Rhoda Prout, Murdered in the Parish of Amroth. Buried May 24th, 1864. Age 6 weeks. Jas. Dalton, Vicar.'

Mary Prout had left the workhouse with her baby on May 20th, at about half-past five in the evening, to walk home to Amroth. The poor, evidently friendless girl, must have been in a desperately frightened state of mind as she made her way home to face the stony-hearted reception, either of her father and stepmother, or, more probably, her grandmother. It is perhaps of significance that her father and stepmother were not called to give evidence at her trial, but her grandmother was.

Two witnesses, Hannah Davies, the wife of coal miner John Davies, and their daughter, Mary, were called, and they testified as to where they had met Mary Prout on her way home with the baby when it was alive. Unfortunately, with all the change of names, as well as subsequent demolition of cottages at Colby Lodge, it is not possible to pinpoint exactly where the Davies family lived. In 1851 they were shown as living at Pullygriping [*sic*], but by the 1860's they had moved to one of the cottages in the vicinity of Colby Lodge. From their evidence, and the evidence of Mary Prout's grandmother, Anne Prout, in describing the locality, when she said that she 'lived at a place called Summerhill', it is clear which way Mary walked, and in following the route it is not too difficult to understand the turmoil in the poor girl's mind.

In giving evidence, Hannah Davies said she had not looked at the baby, gave the distinct impression that she disapproved, and had obviously been none too keen to do more than pass the time of day.

A week to the day before she left the workhouse, Mary Prout had had 'twelve hours leave' from her incarceration in the hellish conditions of that establishment, and taken the baby to her grandmother's to collect some little clothes for her, returning the same evening.

During her time in the workhouse she was not entirely friendless. One of the inmates who had befriended her was Esther Thomas, a single woman, who was there as a pauper with one of her children. She had lived in one of the rooms at the Poor House and had had a number of children, at least one of whom had been born at the workhouse. Living in such close proximity to Foxenholes, she would have been well acquainted with Mary Prout and was quoted by the Master's wife, in that lady's subsequent evidence, as having given Mary a child's bonnet.

Having left the workhouse with the baby at about half-past five in the evening on Friday, May 20th, Mary reached the Killanow tollgate at about eight o'clock. Hannah Davies was able to affirm this because her clock had struck eight o'clock as she was leaving the house. From there Mary Prout had begun to walk the nearest way home, which was along the short length of the Old Road, also known as Killanow Lane, which had once run from Killanow to emerge close to the crossroads near the recently built Cambrian. From the Cambrian crossroads the road led to the Burrows and Wisemansbridge by way of Summerhill, so that it would have been only a short walk from there to her grandmother's. By the time she had come to the end of this lane, however, her heart must have failed her, because, instead of carrying on by way of the road to Summerhill for that short distance, she turned aside into Thomas Hill field. In that field was the disused Thomas Hill pit, and she passed close to it. If her subsequent action had been premeditated, she could have thrown the baby down the Thomas Hill pit there and then.

It was a little further on, when she was walking away from Summerhill and down towards Colby Lodge, that she met Hannah and Mary Davies. In conversation with Mary Davies, who admired the baby, there arose an interesting point which never seems to have been considered. She told Mary Davies that she was going to see Susan Ebsworth, and she did indeed go in that direction.

At that time Susan Ebsworth was an almswoman living at Little Mill. She was in fact related to Mary Prout, and was one who took in children to nurse. Possibly Mary had some idea of asking her to take her baby in. Having parted from Mary Davies, she would have joined the lane running down from Skerry Back to Colby Lodge, and would have had to pass Susan Ebsworth's cottage. It will probably never now

be known whether Mary called on Susan Ebsworth, who died three years later at the age of sixty-six, or whether she made such a request, and, if so, whether she was turned away. What is known is that, having thus far postponed the dreaded confrontation with her grandmother, she went on from Little Mill in the direction of the Little Pit. This was described as 'an old coal pit half filled up', and it was on her route from Colby Lodge to her grandmother's.



Little Pit, Amroth.

Her way from Little Mill led through what was then a field, but which was later to be planted with shrubs by Samuel Kay. The old maps show it as a footpath, and the parishioners of those days, including miners going to their work, walked that way without 'let or hindrance'. Nowadays the National Trust, who regard it as odd on the part of the natives that they do not share their minions' own view of themselves as being some sort of God's gift to a grateful nation, have strong padlocks on the gates, and 'thou shalt not pass'. But the padlocks were not there in Mary Prout's days, so she walked that way and threw her baby down the Little Pit, the mouth of which today has laurel bushes growing over it. It was stated in Court that the depth of the pit was 'about 26 yards.'

Mary arrived at her grandmother's at about half-past eight. The following morning, the Saturday, she told her grandmother that she was going to her sister who lived at Pater, which is known as Pembroke Dock today, and it is not unreasonable to hazard a guess that it could have been Hannah Davies who caused the matter to be brought to the notice of the police.

In giving his evidence to the Court, Sgt. Peter Royle, of Saundersfoot, said that, in consequence of information he had

received, he went to the neighbourhood of Colby Lodge on the Sunday. There he was joined by two miners, William Davies, who lived nearby at the Sunday Club, and John Davies, who might have been the husband of Hannah, but was more probably the man of the same name who, like Susan Ebsworth, also lived at nearby Little Mill. William Davies testified that they had gone down the Little Pit and that he had recovered the body of the baby. Supt. Kelly arrested Mary Prout at four o'clock the following morning at the home of her sister at Laws Street, Pembroke Dock.

When Mary was brought to trial before the Assize Court at Haverfordwest on July 13th, her grandmother, who, unlike Hannah Davies, said she had no clock and therefore had to guess the time, testified that 'the prisoner' had arrived at her house about half-past eight.

Anne Prout said in evidence, 'She came in and she said, "Well, grandmother," and I said, "Well, Mary," : she sat down and I said, "Where's your child, Mary?" she said, "It is dead, grandmother, in the Union". I said, "Go on your knees, Mary, and give the Lord thanks that the Lord took it."

Obviously a devout and deeply religious old lady, no doubt today, in order to avoid the shame, she would be in the van of those who would urge a distraught girl in such circumstances to have an abortion.

By all who gave evidence, including the wife of the Master of Narberth Union, Mary Prout was spoken of as a quiet, respectful and pleasant sort of girl, who had shown every sign of being attached to her baby.

One of those to give evidence was Dr. Thomas Henry Newsam, the young Saundersfoot surgeon, who had examined the baby's body after it had been recovered by the police, and he spoke kindly of Mary Prout, whom he had seen daily for a period of nine months when she had been a domestic servant in the house in Saundersfoot in which he had been lodging about three years previously. In 1861 he was living at Newhous [*sic*], which was possibly Marylands. It could be that Mary Prout had gone into service there shortly after that Census was taken, but there is no record as to where she was in 1863 when she was seduced.

Dr. Newsam, whose first wife died young, died in 1876 at the age of forty-eight, when Edith, his daughter from his second marriage, was four years old. By that time he had moved to Rhodewood Villa,

near my home in Saundersfoot. Edith lived there with her widowed mother, and she was a frequent caller on us in the early 1930's. She was then a spinster in her fifties, very deaf and carrying a great ear trumpet, but a firm believer in the psychic gifts of fortune tellers, and still with some flickering hopes of finding a man. I remember on more than one occasion the name of Mary Prout having been mentioned, possibly because my father knew the family, and Miss Newsam saying how she had always been told of her father's sadness and sympathy for the poor girl.

The only statement to be submitted as having been made by the prisoner was when Police Superintendent Kelly quoted her as having said, 'If they hang me I'll tell the truth: I threw it in and ran away a short distance, and then returned and found there was no noise.'

There was no question as to what Mary Prout had done, but every question as to the health of the baby, whether it had died before she threw it down the pit, and especially whether the mother was responsible for her actions

Little enough was known in those days of post-natal depression, so perhaps it was natural that, in trying to demonstrate that she was not responsible for her actions, Mr. Thomas Allen, who had been allotted the task of defending her, really raked over the many and varied accounts of peculiar behaviour amongst her relatives. One of her female relations had apparently been wont to climb up the ladder of the hayrick stark naked and had to have her hands tied behind her back to restrain her. Eventually she had died in the lunatic asylum. Then there were those who had had children out of wedlock, and the antics of whose off-spring would no doubt have been meat and drink to today's tabloids.

No witnesses were called for the defence, and Mr. Thomas Allen then addressed the jury in 'a very excellent speech' in which he argued that, 'supposing the Jury believed that the child did leave the Union alive, and that it did not die from convulsions, but that it was thrown into the pit alive, yet that the prisoner was not a person of sound mind, and was not responsible for her actions.'

The Jury returned a verdict of Guilty, 'but not with any premeditation a minute before, and this they find from the strong affection she had displayed for the child. Hence they strongly recommend her to mercy.'

The recommendation did not prevent His Lordship from donning the black cap and telling the hapless Mary that she would be taken to the prison from whence she came, and thence to a place of execution and hanged by the neck until she was dead, and may the Lord God Almighty have mercy on her soul. And, the report concluded, 'The prisoner was removed from the Dock moaning and crying piteously.'

In Court that day was a youth by the name of W. D. Phillips who was to become a man of many parts. He became clerk to Sir William Davies, later M.P. for Pembrokeshire, and he was at one time Borough Accountant in Haverfordwest. In between times he also acted as correspondent for the *South Wales Daily News* and contributed articles to the old *Pembroke County Guardian*. These articles were published in book form in 1925, not long before his death the following year at the age of eighty.

Referring to the day of Mary Prout's trial, he said, 'I was in the Assize Court when the Judge assumed the black cap, and a murmur of horror emanated from most of the women present. All eyes were turned on the trembling girl in the dock as the death sentence was pronounced, and it was a pitiable sight to see her grasp the dock rail with both hands. So great was the public sympathy with her that a petition was drawn up (which I had the pleasure of engrossing), signed and presented through the Home Secretary to Queen Victoria, with gratifying results. The woman's life was spared. She was committed to penal servitude for twenty years, but was, I believe, released after ten years' imprisonment. I saw some years ago the gallows which was almost complete when the reprieve arrived.'

By an odd coincidence, the instigator of the petition pleading for mercy for Mary Prout was also a W. D. Phillips, but in this case it was the revered Rector of Crunwear and Amroth.

In the course of research whilst working on a thesis for a degree with the Open University, the late Audrey Philpin turned up some interesting information at the Pembrokeshire Records Office, including Supt. Kelly's charge sheet, on the back of which he had written, 'Mary Prout, 5 ft. 2 ins., fresh complexion, brown hair, grey eyes, no distinguishing marks, Welsh, single.' And the prison surgeon at Haverfordwest, Dr. Richard Summers, had put her on a special diet, including meat and sixteen pints of porter, to strengthen her.

Before the public petition organised by Canon Phillips, there had

already been action from the judiciary, within a matter of days after the trial, and the following week the leading article in the *Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph* said, 'Haverfordwest happily is to be spared the demoralizing exhibition of a public execution. Mary Prout is not to be strangled to make a British holiday. In her case, at least, the law will not act so vindictively illogical as to take away human life, as a deterrent example not to take life away. Thanks to the discriminating verdict of the Jury, who tried this wretched criminal, Mary Prout, and their strong recommendation of the prisoner, which recommendation was supported by the learned Judge, Mr. Justice Crompton, a degraded mob will be deprived of their pastime – of witnessing and revelling in the death of a degraded woman. A letter has been received by the High Sheriff from the Home Office, stating that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to command the suspension of the sentence until further orders. What will be the future doom of the miserable young woman is not settled, most probably transportation for life, but the extreme penalty of death will not be inflicted, and Haverfordwest is relieved now of the dread of a fearful and brutalized spectacle. And yet to our surprize, we find that there are some persons in Haverfordwest who deplore that Mary Prout is not to be strangled. There are women delicately and well nurtured, and whose moral and religious training have not been altogether neglected, who regret that a woman is not to be hung like a dog, and her dying struggles witnessed by a jeering and remorseless mob; and Ministers of the Gospel and professors of religion have refused to sign the Memorial to Sir George Grey to suspend the death penalty, on the plea that their religion – a religion of love and forgiveness – demanded the infliction of death upon the murderer.'

Public executions were abolished in 1868, and the last man to be hanged in Haverfordwest was in that year.

On July 22nd, 1864, *The Pembrokeshire Herald* carried an announcement under the heading: 'RESPITE OF MARY PROUT'

It was the first of a series of brief announcements and copies of letters from the Under Sheriff, from Mr. Scourfield M.P., from the Home Secretary, and from the High Sheriff, culminating on July 27th with another long leading article in the *Telegraph* referring to a letter from an anonymous Christian condemning the reprieve.

Then, in the *Herald* of September 2nd, we find the brief report, 'Commutation Of The Capital Sentence On Mary Prout:

> On Saturday last, a communication was received from the Home Secretary by the Under-Sheriff for the County, J.R. Powell, Esq., commuting the sentence of death on Mary Prout to penal servitude for 20 years. Under the new regulations respecting sentences to penal servitude, this sentence may be diminished to 15 years, should the prisoner's conduct be satisfactory.'

It is interesting to note from the dates of the various letters that the postal service more than a century ago was somewhat swifter than it is today. Mary Prout would also appear to have received rather more sympathy from the judiciary, the authorities, and the public at large, than from her own family.

In addition to the other references, Audrey Philpin also established that Mary Prout was received at Millbank Prison, London, on November 1st, 1864, and removed on December 20th to Brixton Prison to serve her term.

Her thesis goes on to state that nothing is known of Mary Prout after her penal servitude, or whether she survived it, but this was not the end of her story.

As the writer, W. D. Phillips, presumed, there has been a vague idea over the years that she might only have served ten years, but the reference in *The Pembrokeshire Herald* to fifteen years as being the order of the day at that time makes it more likely that she did, in fact, serve fifteen.

We know that she was released, and that she came home, and the likelihood is that it would have been in1879. There is no record of the exact place, or the family to whom she came, but in 1881 she is shown as having been in domestic service at 1 South Cliff Street, Tenby, in the employ of the sixty-eight-year old Rev. Thomas Lever, a visitor from Stourport, described as a 'Clergyman without cure of souls', which meant that he had retired. It also suggests that some, at any rate, of the gentlemen of the Cloth were showing concern for her. Her age was given as thirty-five, but she was, in fact, thirty-eight.

Shortly afterwards we find her in Railway Street, in Saundersfoot, euphemistically referred to these days as The Strand, but Railway Street it will ever be to my generation, because those were the days of

the old *Rosalind* of happy memory, the little engine which took the miners from Stepaside and Wisemansbridge to Bonville's Court colliery. For many years before that she had driven coal from the Stepaside collieries to Saundersfoot harbour.

The likelihood is that Mary had found employment as a house-keeper with a sixty-year-old widower, James Rees, of Rose Cottage, a native of Lampeter Velfrey, who was given as a farm worker when he married Mary Prout, aged forty, of the same address, at Narberth Registry Office, on June 19th, 1883. In 1891 they were living at 18 Railway Street with their two children, John J. and Mary A., aged seven and six respectively.

James Rees died in 1897, at the age of seventy-nine, to leave his widow with two children to support, so that she still knew much of travail and tribulation. By that time, however, their son, John, would have been thirteen, so maybe he was able to start earning in order to help his mother.

The last record we have of the former Mary Prout, whose life for much of the time would appear never to have been anything but cruelly hard, is the headstone in Amroth churchyard, where she was finally laid to rest. She had died on March 16th, 1921, at the age of seventy-eight, of senility and bronchitis, at 80 Ferndale Road in Stockwell, London, apparently at the home of her son, John. Reading the inscription, it is good to think that her children would have known the story of all she had suffered, and that she had found such love at the end.



Grave of Mary Rees (née Prout) in Amroth churchyard.

Mary Rees, late of Saundersfoot,
who passed away in London.

Dear Mother, rest, thy work is o'er
Thy loving hands shall toil no more
No more thy gentle eyes shall weep
Rest, dear Mother, gently sleep.

Erected by her sorrowing children.

May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

CHAPTER 11

The Mormon Mission of Daniel Williams

Having seen something of the social and domestic conditions which so many people in the parish had to endure during the 19th Century, not least some of those whose families are known to us, we might better understand the fertile soil on which some of the seeds of the Mormon missionaries would have fallen.

I referred at the start as to how Richard Howells is reputed to have moved from the Cambrian and taken over at Duncow Hill from Joseph Griffiths. The *Tithe Apportionment Map* of the 1840's shows that Joseph Griffiths also had the tenure of a number of other properties in the parish, including a holding at Summerhill, and presumably Rook's Nest. In 1841, whilst he was shown as a collier living at Duncow Hill, his wife was shown as a publican. By 1851, Duncow Hill was being entered in the Census as the Miners Arms, as distinct from the Stepaside Miners Arms, and Joseph Griffiths, who was shown as a mineral agent, did in fact have a coal-yard there. Richard Howells was in the same line of business, and probably took over Joe Griffiths' coal yard at Duncow Hill before moving there to live.

The Mormons had been in the parish since the early 1840's, were still there in the 1850's, and Richard Howells had moved to Duncow Hill by 1861. It will be interesting when considering the identity and fortunes of those who emigrated, to note that, in 1860, a child was born to a young couple, Thomas and Ann Rees of Duncow Hill. They could have been lodging there, because Ann was a niece of Richard Howells, being the daughter of his brother, Benjamin, of whom there will be mention later. By 1861, Ann is shown as living with her parents at Corsegate where, in 1862, she had a second child. By 1871, both her parents had recently died, and Ann was a widow, working as a farm labourer.

With the story of the call down the chimney still in mind, I was especially pleased to obtain a copy of the hand-written Journal of Daniel Williams, from the Harold B. Lee Library, Utah [Brigham Young University Special Collections and Manuscripts Department (MSS 667)]. Written in 1851/2, it lends credibility to the truth of that story, as told by the fireside long ago.



Red House, Penally.

Daniel Williams, a Mormon missionary, was born at Red House, Penally. It took its name from its colour, which would have been produced by the old practice of mixing ox-blood with the white lime. Originally a traditional two-roomed *clom* cottage, built, it is believed, three hundred years ago, it no doubt had a thatched roof, subsequently to be replaced by slate with cement wash, and then more recently asbestos. The father of the current occupier, Len Meldone, added one room some years ago, and more recently new windows were fitted and some of the *clom* replaced with stone.

Daniel was born in 1802, his father died four years later, and the young widow moved with her four children to Stepaside. Daniel admits that he is writing from memory, that some important events had possibly been forgotten, and that he may not have been accurate in all the dates he mentioned. Even so, it is a remarkable document, and gives a valuable insight into events concerning Mormon activities in the parish at the time, and, for those who are interested, something of their beliefs.

He is sketchy about his early life, and merely wrote in his Journal, 'My Mother with her four children removed to Stepaside in the Parish

of St. Ifsel's, the following autumn, where she lived to nurse her family—being poor we were all taught to work for our bread when young which never seemed a task to either of us in future. I had two brothers, the oldest whose name was Thomas was killed, no one knows how, in the Well Park near Holloway in the Parish of Penally May 1815, and was buried by the side of my Father in Penally Churchyard. It is confidently believed and that by many, that he was murdered by a man of the name of William Lewis his fellow servant, but eternity must disclose the secret.'

He gave no reason for the move to Stepaside, except perhaps where he wrote 'where she lived', but eventually I had some of the details from a descendant, Mrs Mary Heider, of South Jordan, Utah.

Daniel's father, John, had married an Ann Griffiths of Stepaside, so it is evident that, when her young husband died, she went back to her old home. Daniel, therefore, was brought up in Stepaside, and married Catherine Jenkins, of nearby Templeton Green. This was possibly the name of what was known in later years as Goose Green, because the whole area had been common land before the Enclosures, when grazing geese on the commons was the traditional rite and practice of the commoners. The cottages known as Goosie Green had been pulled down by the 1930's.

Daniel probably moved in with her family. Their first child, John Jenkins Williams, was born there in 1827. Their daughter, Mary, was baptised at nearby Molleston Baptist Chapel in 1830.

In his Journal he had much to say of his disillusionment with the Nonconformists. Baptised at Molleston Baptist Chapel, he was very soon deploring the many divisions which kept the Nonconformists apart, and he writes next of moving with his family in 1838 to Ebbw Vale, where Catherine died in 1846, leaving him with two teenage children, and she was buried at Zoar Baptist Chapel, Gomorrah, Rhymney.

Williams continued to be disillusioned with the Baptists, however, and following the death of his wife was baptised into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1847, and was ordained priest at Merthyr the following year. He does not mention the name in his Journal, but he was closely associated with a famous Mormon, a former seaman, Captain Dan Jones, a college educated Welshman, who had emigrated from North Wales, was fluent in Welsh and

English, and was active in the Merthyr area at that time. Jones had been a close associate of Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church, and had been with him in gaol a year or two previously, shortly before Smith was murdered by a mob whilst awaiting trial.

There can be little doubt that the Mormon Church, with its demand for strict obedience, would have appealed to Daniel Williams. He makes no reference to the fact, but his son, John, had also been baptised and had returned as a missionary to Amroth, where, in November 1848, he married Rebecca Evans, whose parents then disowned her. Her father, Thomas, had come from Bedwellty, and her mother, Mary Williams, from St. Clears, so were probably both Welsh speaking, which will be of some interest later.

There is an interesting reference in the first volume of *Zion's Trumpet* of a meeting of the Glamorgan Conference, which was held in December 1848, and presided over by Captain Dan Jones. We are told that 'it was decided to organise Stepper's Side [*sic*] in Pembrokeshire' as a branch, and that Thomas Hughes was to preside over it.

The report then goes on to record certain decisions taken at the Conference, the second of which was 'That Pembrokeshire be made a Conference, with John Morris as President, and John Evans and Daniel Williams as Counselors.'

This little publication appeared in Welsh for the ten years or so of its existence, so that for many years the contents remained inaccessible to Mormon historians. It was not until Ron Dennis learned Welsh that translation into English began. Daniel Wiliams had also learned Welsh during his time in the Merthyr area, and records in his Journal that he had been sent for twelve months to carry out missionary work in the Welsh mining valleys and the Vale of Glamorgan. He then writes, 'About the close of November 1848 I left Merthyr with my pack on my shoulder, on a mifsion to Pembrokeshire, my native county to assist Elder John Morris in his labours in that place – My counsel was to settle down in the neighbourhood of Saundersfoot, get work in the Ironworks, which was then just beginning, and to raise up a branch of the church there. Elder Morris had begun to preach in that place, and four priests had come to help him Namely John Griffiths, Thomas Hughes, John Williams (my son) and William Vaughan – These had baptised three or four persons, so the foundation was laid before I came.

I had great difficulty in getting work or lodgings, though I was in the very place where I was nursed, and among people who would have given me their own eyes two years before, when I was a Baptist preacher but now every heart and every house was shut against me, and I appeared to the people as a monster rather than a man.'

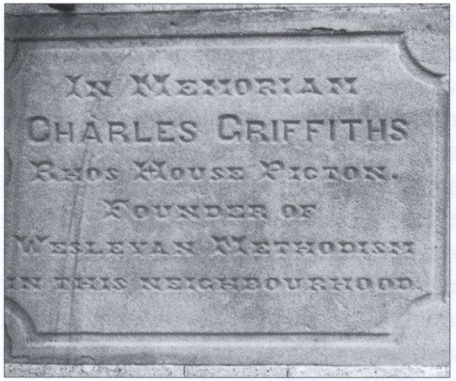
Eventually, he found lodgings with a William Powell and work at the Grove ironworks. On the second day, he said, he had the misfortune to break a finger, which caused him to be idle for a few days, so that his work was given to another.

'When my hand got well enough to work,' his Journal continues, 'the Lord wrought in my favour when men were against me. Charles Griffiths, a Wesleyan preacher was the steward of the miners, he would not find work for me, but gave me liberty to find work for myself, to get *mine* by the ton, about the sea shore. I was led to a piece of ground that no-one would work, and in a few days got a fall which lasted me and four others to work till the following summer!' [*mine* was the local term for iron ore. R.H.]

Charles Griffiths lived in Stepaside in one of the cottages which have often been known as the Company Houses. They had been built for the managers, and employees of that class, which gives some idea of the deplorable hovels in which many of the ordinary workers must have been living. In 1851 they were entered as River Row, and Charles Griffiths as a mineral surveyor. In 1861 he was accorded the respect of being entered as Mr. Charles Griffiths, and his occupation as 'miners agent.' Although he had been born in Amroth, his wife had been born in Blaenavon, in Monmouthshire, and his eldest son had also been born there, which suggests that he was one of the many who had gone away in search of work, and returned when employment became available at the Grove, as well as at Bonville's Court pit, which had been sunk in 1842.

He was indeed active in the Wesleyan movement, and according to an interesting little booklet published in 1961 by the late Clifford Jenkins, on the *Centenary of Stepaside Methodist Church,* Charles Griffiths, because of his standing with the Picton Estate, was instrumental in obtaining the land on which the chapel was built.

Having found a source of financial support by working at the Patches, probably Crickdam, and quite possibly for Richard Howells, Daniel Williams was then able to work by day and preach by night



Plaque in wall of Stepaside Methodist Church.

and the movement made good progress . . . 'Many were brought to believe the gospel – We held our Saints' meetings in the house of William Vaughan which was no bigger than a duck's cot, but it was often filled with the spirit of God till we could cry out "Lord 'tis enough."'

Man changes but little, however, and there was soon some friction when a Conference was called, in January 1849 . . . 'Which made us all rejoice except William Vaughan who was not pleased because he had not been called to preside over the branch which used to meet in his house.'

However this dispute was soon settled and we soon set to work with our might. Opened several places for preaching, Burrows, Long Lane, Tavernspite, Cold Blow, Saundersfoot, Stepaside, Duncow Hill – New Alehouse etc. Several were baptised so that the Stepaside branch, at our first conference which was held May 6th 1849 numbered 32 including officers.'

New Ale House, the name of which needs no explanation, was at the bottom of Duncow Hill field and, as often as not, was known as Newalus.

Next we read of John Thomas, mason, being baptised after he had been cut off for insubordination, and, at a meeting at the Mountain (which might have been Sardis or Llanteg), Moses Phelps, having wandered but promising to be baptised the Tuesday following, Daniel had 'a little conversation with him on the way home', and Moses Phelps was as good as his word, for the Journal continues, 'Tuesday 15th Attended Sts meeting at Eastlake. Baptised Moses Phelps and Joseph Griffiths. They were confirmed that night by President J. Morris and me, we had a splendid meeting full of the spirit of God.'

The baptism in this case refers to Joseph, the twenty-three-year old son of Joseph and Elizabeth. There are several references to Joseph Griffiths and his activities in the church, which almost certainly refer

to the son, and it is important to remember the distinction between him and his father, who subsequently heard the call down the chimney.

Daniel Williams then records that, shortly after this, he had the unhappy experience of someone trying to poison him by putting either arsenic or 'suggar of lead' in his tea. Not surprisingly, he changed his lodgings, and thanked God for his deliverance, but does not say where he went.

Having baptised Elizabeth Griffiths and Elizabeth James in June, he then returned from a conference at Haverfordwest in July when Hugh Merriman and John Williams, presumably Daniel's son, were called to the office of Elders, Moses Phelps a Priest, and Benjamin Howells a Deacon in Stepaside branch.

Benjamin, after whom my grandfather was named, was an older brother of Richard, being the sons of George and Joice of Wine Hill, which adjoined White Park, and Benjamin married Anne Prout. In 1841 Joice was working as a miner, but at least her daughter, Martha, who was living with her, had married a George Thomas, which made a change from marrying a Prout. A cousin, Owen, had married a Joice Prout, and indeed it would almost seem to have been preordained at that time that a Prout should marry a Howells and vice versa.

Still dealing with 1849, the Journal continues, 'Shortly after this the works at Stepaside began to grow slack and several of the Saints were obliged to leave the neighbourhood, and many who had believed were prevented from obeying the gospel for fear of loosing [*sic*] their work. However on Sept 7th I baptised Margaret Eynon under the following circumstances. John Rogers, a young priest and very little man, tryed [*sic*] to baptise her and failed to cover her with the water, so I leaped in to his afsistance and baptised her for him.

October 26th I baptised David Price and Thomas Eynon and confirmed them the same night

Two others were baptised, one by Moses Phelps, viz. Thomas Prout, and Thomas Thain by Thomas Hughes. Baptised October 29th 1849 and confirmed by me on the following Sunday.'

We shall hear more about the Rogers of Eastlake, and the Thains of Pendilo, later on, but Thomas Prout should not be confused with the father of Mary, whose story has already been told so fully. In 1814, this Thomas Prout, one of a number with the same name, had married

Anne Howells, born in 1790 to Thomas and Elizabeth Howells, but whether she was any relation of mine I have no idea.

Thomas Prout died in 1854, at the age of seventy-four, in a cottage on Amroth Commons, later to be known as Pleasant Green, where he was living as a widower in 1851. The Commons, in the Pleasant Valley area, were stolen from the poorer people in the same way as land elsewhere had been legally stolen from them by way of the Enclosures in the previous century.

Following these baptisms Daniel Williams was then involved in the healing by prayer of Elder Hugh Merriman, who had been seriously injured by a stone falling on him. Then, the Journal goes on, 'One evening while I and Elder John Evans were preaching on the Beach near the Mead to a large company of people we were annoyed greatly by two lads who had been encouraged, if not employed, by Parson Phillips of Amroth to pelt us with stones and had made them drunk for that purpose. We both escaped without injury.

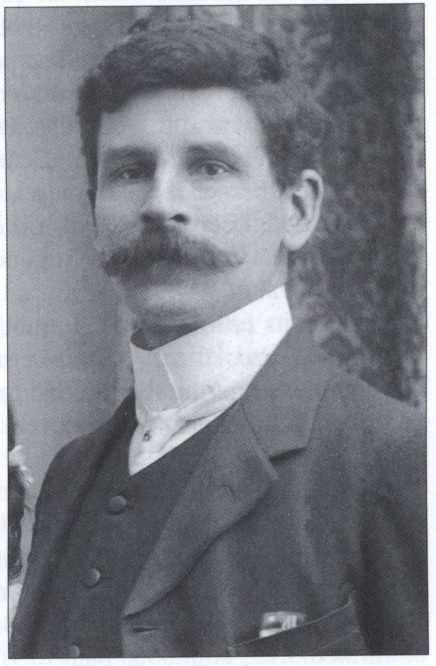
On one Sunday when I was preaching to a large congregation near the above mentioned place I was opposed by a Ranter preacher, David Thomas, who tried to persuade the people that they could go to Heaven without being baptised – which I had before proved to be impofsible according to the bible. The same time I was caught by the collar by two men Henry Thomas and Henry Allen with the intent to throw me into the river for teaching the doctrine of Baptism for remission of sins aleging [*sic*] that Joseph Smith was sent of God to reorganise the Church of Christ, but the people rescued me out of their hands. I cannot remember the exact day of the month when this occurred as I did not take notes at the time, but I remember well that it was between the July and November Conferences.'

Such episodes could often be attributed to horse-play and the exuberance of youth, but in this case it was almost certainly prompted by religious zeal and intolerance, on the part of Henry Thomas at any rate. He was destined to become a dedicated Nonconformist lay preacher, and was the father of James Thomas, to whose writings on Amroth parish we owe a debt of gratitude.

Henry Thomas was born at the Burrows in 1827, so that when he had his confrontation with the equally zealous Daniel Williams, Henry was in his early twenties. He left behind a diary, which gave many details of his endeavours on behalf of the Lord, and preached

his first sermon in 1851, at the age of twenty-four, shortly after his disputation with the Mormon, and continued to preach for another fifty years. When he was younger he would often sing one of his many sacred solos at the end of his sermon. Small wonder that he called his house Beulah Hill when he built it . . . 'Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand, I look away across the sea . . .'. And nobody, happy to relate, has seen fit to give it any other name over the last hundred years, and that makes a change, especially since Beulah also means married, which is not nearly such as steadfast an institution nowadays as it was in days of yore.

Henry Allen who, along with the other Henry, entered into physical disputation with the Mormon, was one of a family of blacksmiths, and he was best part of twenty years older than Henry Thomas, so there was no question of the exuberance of youth. Nor is it known whether there was any particular zeal for the Lord on his part. But he did indeed keep the Temple Bar round about that time, so maybe he was not too keen on any ideas on the evils of strong drink which the Mormon might have been peddling. Whether his being the father of Edwin Allen makes him some sort of relation to me by marriage is a moot point.



Henry Allen.

Parson Phillips, who was later to come to the support of Mary Prout, was the rector of Amroth and the adjoining parish of Crunwear, whilst the Mead was the area where the village as we know it today was to develop, but which did not exist in 1849.

The reference to the need of baptism is also of interest, because this is a cardinal tenet of the beliefs of the Mormon Church. It is often marvelled at that the Mormons have a vast record of ancestry and are ever

keen to trace their roots. When they can find ancestors who have died without having been baptised, they can have them baptised posthumously so that they can go to Heaven.

At this time Daniel Williams was unable to find work, and after a period travelling, visiting the branches, and preaching throughout Pembrokeshire, as far north as Fishguard, when he travelled incredible distances on foot, often meeting with much hostility, he returned to Stepaside. It has already been noted that he was writing this part of his Journal from memory, and this could perhaps explain the apparent contradiction of the next entry when he has previously referred to Joseph Griffiths as having been baptised. Here again is the possibility of confusion due to failure to distinguish between father and son of the same name.

He writes, 'I was kindly supported at Stepaside by Joseph Griffiths of Duncow Hill who though he was not in the Church, told me that I was welcome to make my home with him until I could get work. I thank him for his kind offer, but had no time to stay in one place, as there were enough of officers in that Neighbourhood to preach the gospel while other people were perishing for want of it – I then started for Pembroke to meet Elder Morris having given the care of the Branch to my two Counsellors, John Williams and Thomas Hughes. Met Elder Morris at Pembroke communicated to him the state of the branches through which I had pafsed. The Branch at Eastlake had become out of order by a dispute between Elder Vaughan and a Teacher John Rogers and his family, which terminated in the removal of W. Vaughan from the presidency.'

More visits followed, to Pater, the old name for Pembroke Dock, to Pembroke, and then, on December 30th, to a Conference at Haverfordwest 'in the room in Bridge Street.'

'Here W. Vaughan was removed from presiding over the Eastlake Branch, and I was called to preside over it for the time, a task which was not very pleasant, as the Branch was much out of order and the family at Eastlake was preparing for emigration and the dispute between them and their late president was hard to be settled – however by much perseverance in prayer I succeeded in keeping them all together, and Baptising two of Brother Rogers' family before they emigrated.

After conference I returned to Stepaside and succeeded in getting

work in the coal works for a short time – which was very good as I had the care of the two Branches on me at the time and could not well leave the neighbourhood – and in addition to the care of the Branches, Elder Vaughan's family was left dependant on me for support as he had moved to Merthyr to work.'

After about a month the work ceased and more missionary work throughout the south of the county followed. In the Pater area, on February 20th, he baptised Mary Howells, a widow, of Hundleton. Then, on February 24th, 'Started for Stepaside to visit my Branches, found them all well in good standing but much opprefsed for want of work, nearly all the saints were out of work. And several of them were compelled to leave the neighbourhood for want.'

It would seem that Daniel Williams was by this time lodging in the Pembroke area, and on Friday March 15th, 'Started for Stepaside, found all the saints in good order they rejoiced to see me and I them, spent the Sunday at Stepaside morning and afternoon Evening at Pendilo. Good meeting. Joseph Griffiths and William Thain were very good to me.'

Much then follows of meetings in other parts in the south of the County, including Angle, where there was great enthusiasm, but where many people were afraid to let them into their homes 'lest the parson should be angry.' There was also much disruption of meetings, stone throwing, and threats of physical violence. He visited Stepaside in May and ordained Thomas Phillips as Elder and Thomas Prout a Priest, placing Thomas Phillips to preside over the branch and John Thain to be his Counsellor.

Throughout 1850, Daniel Williams spent his time amongst the other Branches, including visits to the valleys of South Wales, and when he returned had much to exercise his mind by way of backsliders and an allegation of adultery between one Eliza Lewis, and the president of the conference, Elder J. Price.

In 1851, on July 2nd, when he had stayed at Monkton, and having walked twelve miles the previous day, he then set off for Stepaside . . .' Went 12 miles to Stepaside Council was rather late arriving, but Elder P. Sykes was present, with several others. Elder Sykes had adrefsed the council at some length before I came – then I had to speak for a short time shewing the impofsibility of man becoming perfect without the Milchisidec priesthood, and urged on all to exert themselves in the

offices that they held, that they might be found worthy to be exalted in due time etc.

I then proposed that half the price of a hat that had been bought for the president of the conference shall be collected among the officers of the Council – Elder Thomas Phillips President of the Council and George Thomas grumbled about it much, and I had some trouble to get them to their places – but the Motion was seconded by Elder John Thain and carried – I spoke at great length shewing the evil of opposing the decision of Councils – and shewed that all the debts contracted in the Conference with consent of General Council became a common debt on all the members, and one had as much right to pay as the other. I then closed the meeting with prayer – I went with Elder J. Thain to Pendilo that night a distance of three miles making 15 miles since four o'clock that afternoon – without food – my feet were literally skinned. Sister Susannah Thain washed my feet and comforted me with food and anointed my feet with oil, May God blefs her for it is my prayer –

July 3rd – Staid [*sic*] at Pendilo till evening. Attended saints' meeting at Stepaside branch, had a good meeting. Slept at Joseph Griffiths Duncow Hill my old friend.'

The following day Daniel Williams walked the twelve miles to Pembroke and there persuaded them to pay the other half of the price of the hat. On this occasion the proposition was carried unanimously.

Later in the month he walked to Haverfordwest to give evidence in support of Elder J. Price who was alleged by Eliza Lewis to be the father of the child to which she had given birth six weeks previously. The magistrate is likened to Pontius Pilate and, 'Upon the evidence, if it can be called evidence, was J. Price condemned to pay 1s/6d a week for the maintenance of a child which must have been begotten long before he had even seen the mother!!'

At this time Daniel Williams stayed for a while in Haverfordwest, and the Journal says,

'While I was at Haverfordwest my clothes got very bare and Sister Mary Howells of Monkton gave me a sute [*sic*] of clothes.

Susannah Williams of Freystrop Branch knit me a pair of stockings – Sister Howells gave her the yarn – and also a pair of new stockings – and some shirts etc – May God Blefs these women is my prayer and I promise to blefs them all in time to come.'

President Price, in spite of his trouble, had continued with his missionary work, and, in view of what we have just been reading about all the knitting, it is perhaps not too surprising that we then read in the Journal, 'Sometime in the month of October when President Price returned from Merthyr I received counsel from him and Prest W.S. Phillips to take Mary Howells to wife, and to prepare for emigrating in the spring.'

In November a walk from Monkton to Stepaside is mentioned as though it were just round the corner, and Thomas Prout is taken to task and challenged to make his mind known about keeping the commandments of God, whether he will do it or not, and to give his answer to the next meeting. Elder J. Thain closed the meeting in prayer.

The figures given at the end of the month show nine branches with a total of 151 members. John Thain was very active in the Amroth area, as was Joe Griffiths, and Thomas Rees (a twenty-three years old coalminer of Wellsprings or Springwells) was ordained Priest. He had been born at Green Plains, and in the same year his younger brother, Charles, emigrated with the saints, having previously married Sarah Griffiths, the daughter of the miller, William Griffiths, of Slate Mill, and we can learn about their subsequent life later, along with that of the Rogers and Thains.

The Mormons place great importance on marriage, and, although there is no mention of the event in his Journal, Daniel Williams, 'widower and Minister of the Gospel', true to his belief in complete obedience, married the widow, Mary Howells, née Scourfield, at Pembroke Registry Office on January 1st 1852. The only reference to his wife after that is the following spring, when she took a chair out of the house and he stood on it to preach.

In February of that year Elder John Thain was placed in charge of the Tenby Branch, and we then find a reference to Teacher William Griffiths, whose daughter would eventually marry John Thain. By May, Daniel Williams seems to have caught up with the writing of his Journal and has declared his intention to write it up daily. On one occasion, he and a group of Elders hired a dog cart to take them on their journeys for the day, but such luxuries seem to have been rare. There are also references to going to the river, which would have meant crossing the Cleddau by ferry to Neyland on the various visits to Haverfordwest.

He walked many a mile from June 12th to 14th, then we read,

'15th – Walked 15 miles to Pendilo to Amroth Saints meeting – had good meeting Sister S. Thain was very kind fed me, washed my feet, and gave me lodgings.

16th – Walked about 3 miles in company with Elder John Thain to Stepaside Council. Met with the officers had a good council full of the spirit of God. Slept at J. Griffiths.'

The following day he returned to Pendilo, and the day after that he walked fifteen miles back to Monkton, attended a meeting, and then walked home to Pater. After a few more days of walking he complained of feeling weary. Then, in July, there was an incident at Monkton which I feel I owe it to all lovers of the Pembrokeshire dialect to quote.

'At half past seven o'clock we met again with hundreds of people on the street. Elder Williams preached first – and being a little clumsy in some of his words caused some of the rabble to kick, especially an old Irish ragman who being galled by some of Williams exprefsions got into a trimendious [*sic*] pafsion and cursing and swearing that he would finish the saints, ran and fetched one of Powell's handbills, tore through the dence [*sic*] crowd calling out, "You buggars Read this!" which set the whole congregation a laughing, till the poor old fellow's pafsion overcame him, he prefsed forward through the crowd fugling as if he was going to strike one of us.'

The affair seems to have ended peacefully enough, but how long is it since we heard the word ' fugling', and who, reading that in Utah today, would know what on earth the man was talking about? 'Fugle' is an old Pembrokeshire dialect word meaning 'to hold the fists in a menacing attitude, show fight, square up.'

He writes of another occasion about that time as having preached 'to a middling [*sic*] company of people.' 'Middling' means fairly good, better than poor, if not as good as could be expected, whereas in many parts, such as the Midlands, it tends to mean not at all good, disappointing. 'Trimendious', too, was a not unusual pronunciation of the word 'tremendous' with some of the older people.

In August, 'Joseph Griffiths was removed from presiding over Amroth Branch for rejecting the counsel of the President – Wm. Griffiths was to preside in his stead.'

However, he would seem to have become obedient and all been

forgiven, because a month later, in September, we read, '23rd Thursday – Walked to Stepaside from Pater about 14 miles – Had a good meeting with the saints slept that night at Elder Joseph Griffiths' – The saints were very kind to me.

24th Friday – I visited the saints at Cwmrath and Pendilo and found them well. Preached to a small congregation at Joseph Griffiths'. Took supper at Thomas Griffiths'.'

This passing reference tells us something. It is the only reference to Thomas Griffiths, who was another son of Joseph and Elizabeth. In 1851 he was living at Cwmrath Fold with his young wife, Elizabeth. She was the daughter of James Brinn, a farm labourer of Whitlow, Saundersfoot. They had married two years previously, when Thomas was given as of Duncow Hill. As we have seen, he had been born at Camomile Back, in Stepaside, in 1824, before the family had moved to Duncow Hill. The entry was perhaps of more particular interest to me, because my father was born and lived at Duncow Hill, and my mother was living at Whitlow when they married.

By early October arrangements were well in hand for emigration, and Council had voted Daniel Williams a pair of boots. He returned home to Pater with elders John Thain and William Hire who slept at his house that night.

Sunday, October 10th, was spent preaching in the Penally, Lydstep and Tenby areas, and then, the Journal records, 'At halfpast 10 p.m. we left Tenby walked five miles to Wisemans Bridge to the house of Elder Joseph Griffith where we had supper and bed for the night – Having walked nearly 18 miles, Preached twice and attended two meetings with the saints.

11th Monday, Being clearly run out my feet literally flayed, could hardly suffer to walk any – I abode with Brother Griffiths all day and Preached at his house at night. Slept there, and got refreshed.

12th Tuesday I visited the saints at Amroth, at the house of Elder Thain's Father. Found the saints well. Had saints meeting at half past 7 – a good meeting, one was present not in the Church – Sister S. Thain washed my feet and treated me like a Father! – I slept that night with Wm. Thain who loves the saints though he is not in the Church –

13th Wednesday – Abode with the saints from house to house through the day – at 7 o'clock attended the Stepaside Council, which was conducted by Elder Thomas Evans. The Officers were in union,

though some had neglected filling their counsels for preaching on the past Sunday. I adrefsed them on the necessity of strictly obeying the counsels of the Priesthood etc Meeting closed and I slept at Joseph Griffiths' house.'

This is the last entry in this fascinating Journal, and Joseph Griffiths is there until the end. The Rogers family had sailed a few years previously, and at that stage Daniel Williams and his contingent were on the point of sailing. There is no trace of Joseph Griffiths and his family anywhere in the parish records after that, and the story is still told that they had received the promise of a call as soon as a passage should become available.

There is little reference throughout the Journal to Daniel's son, John, but his story is not without interest. Having married Rebecca and carried on with his missionary work in the parish for a short time he then returned with his family to the coalmining valleys of South Wales, never to return to Amroth, and their second child was born in Rumney in 1850.

We have the recollections of his daughter, Mary Anne, who was born at Ebbw Vale in 1851, and who died in Utah at the age of eighty-four.

She tells how John and Rebecca had seven children before preparing to emigrate to Utah towards the end of 1861. In the years before they were eventually able to sail, on board 'the good ship *John J. Boyd'*, four of her young brothers died from scarlet fever. Three weeks after sailing they were hit by a severe storm, the ship sprang a leak, and for thirty-six hours every man was called to the pumps.

'When the storm was over and the leak repaired,' wrote Mary Anne, 'we were safely on our way and we children were permitted on deck. My little brother, Dan and I had just gotten to the top of the stairway, when some children, running and playing, accidentally pushed my brother down the hatchway, breaking his back. He died almost immediately and was buried at sea. My sister and I were the only ones of seven to reach America. The weeks following were very sad ones for the remaining John Williams family.'

Having arrived at St. Lawrence, the trek eventually began for Salt Lake City, and the whole saga of their life from there on is the familiar one of unbelievable hardship, and incredible fortitude in the face of overwhelming odds.

More children were to be born later to John and Rebecca, whilst Mary Anne, before she was seventeen, became the second wife of Robert Leatham. They were to have ten children, the last being born three months after the death of her husband when Mary Anne was still only thirty-two.

An interesting observation, bearing in mind her parents' family background and her childhood in the valleys of South Wales, is where she says, 'The winter was long and cold. We could not speak the English language and many times were hungry and cold.'

It is also of passing interest that she refers to her father's stepmother, 'My grandfather's wife, a woman he married after coming to Utah.' We do not know whether Daniel's second wife, the former widow, Mary Howells of Pater, had died, or whether they had gone along with the practice of polygamy, which was still in being at that time. But they had joined up with him at Tooele before moving on to Cache Valley.

CHAPTER 12

Emigration and the Mormons

We can never hope to know now all that could have been told of the trials and tribulations, the successes and the failures, of those who ventured overseas to face incredible hardships, and it is sad to think that some marvellously inspiring stories in the face of fearful odds will have been lost for ever.

There was a story I often heard told in our family when I was a small boy of a couple of young men from Stepaside who went out to Canada in those pioneering days. One was a mason, and the other was a carpenter. For about six months they managed to find work together, and then their luck ran out. One was able to find work, but the other was not, so they agreed that the one should push on by himself. He walked for many a mile without finding any sign of a habitation, and then, as darkness began to fall, he saw a light in the distance across the prairie and set off towards it.

A dog barked, and a boy came to the door. The young man asked if he could sleep in the barn overnight, and then a woman's voice called from within asking who was there, and telling the stranger to come in. He went in, told his story, and repeated his request. The woman asked him where he was from, and he asked her if she had heard of a little country called Wales, so she said what part of Wales, and he said Pembrokeshire. So then she asked what part of Pembrokeshire, and he said a little place called Stepaside. She looked at him for a long time, recognised the family features from her own days as a girl in the village, and then she said, 'Write thee home an' tell thy mother as thou shall'st never sleep in no owld barn as long as I got a roof over my head.' The only thing was, she did not say 'thy mother', but named the woman, and she did not refer to herself as 'I', but gave her own name. I greatly regret that I was so small when the story was told that the names at that time meant nothing to me, and I have long since forgotten them, although I have a vague idea that one of them could have been a Waters. One day, somebody will perhaps read these lines and know who it was, for I feel certain that such a story would have been handed down by the families concerned.

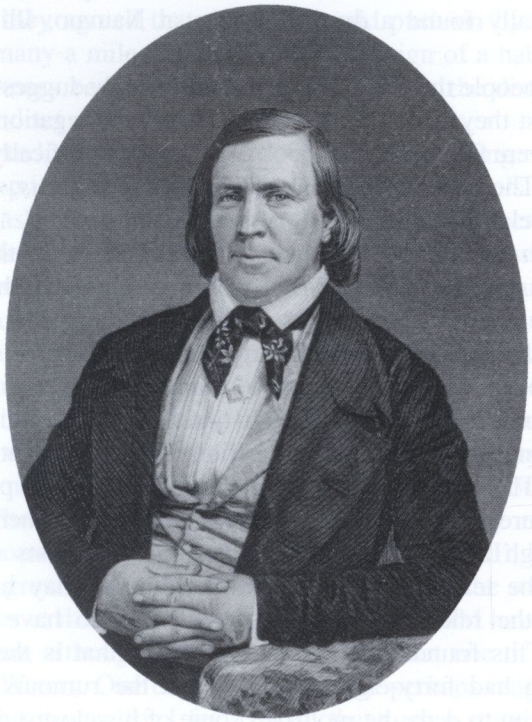
Nor, when we read of the incredible sacrifices and sufferings of the Mormons as they pressed on westwards to that Zion, which was for them the Promised Land, need we doubt the credibility of such a story for one moment. We have seen from the Journal of Daniel Williams something of the plans and preparations for emigration, and, having noted the dates of these events, it would perhaps be as well to remind ourselves of the state of the Mormon Church in those early days of its existence.

The sect had been founded at Fayette, N.Y., in 1830 by Joseph Smith, the son of a Vermont farmer, when he was only twenty-five years of age. They were soon in trouble with the community through describing themselves as the Chosen People and everybody else as Gentiles, and also because they took part in politics, voting as Smith ordered them to. With Smith being constantly in trouble with the police, his followers were turned out from one city after another, until they eventually found a dwelling place at Nauvoo, Illinois, on the Mississippi.

To most people the word Mormon immediately suggests polygamy. It was whilst they were still at Nauvoo that the allegations of Smith's polygamy were first made. His book of *Mormon* specifically condemned polygamy. The second book, *Doctrine and Covenants*, dealing with Smith's revelations, specifically stated in the preface, 'Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare and believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband except in the case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again.'

It has been said that far too many ministers of too many denominations spend far too much time telling their congregations what is wrong with other people's beliefs instead of what is right with their own. There have always been the instances, and probably ever will be, where a Church of one denomination or another is let down, often through a sexual scandal, by one of its priests or ministers. Whatever the teaching of the Mormon Church may have been on polygamy, the relevant passages would seem to have escaped the attention of its founder. Smith is credited, if that is the right word, with having had forty-eight wives. When the rumours became too strong for him to deny, he mollified some of his closest associates by, as someone once put it, 'cutting them in on the deal.' One such Elder

was William Snow, and I have met a few of his descendants. When the scandal of the polygamy broke, Smith, mayor as well as Prophet, who had a strong-arm contingent at his command, sent them in to smash the printing press which the more devout members had set up to publish a paper exposing his behaviour. It was whilst he was in gaol awaiting trial that a mob stormed the place and he was killed, thus becoming a martyr overnight. That was in 1844, and members were then driven from their homes by a mob to the other side of the Missouri River. It was whilst they were there that they found a new leader in the remarkable and gifted Brigham Young. Following a successful recruiting mission in Liverpool he returned to the U.S.A. and said that it had been revealed to him in a vision that they should journey to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, more than a thousand miles away, which was then outside the United States. They reached



Brigham Young. *LDS Church Archives.*

there in 1847, and the story of their trek is one of the great epics of history. By 1851, thirty thousand of them had reached the Promised Land. Whatever may be the opinion of others, or their attitude towards the Mormons, nobody can question their utter tenacity, endurance, and dedication to their cause.

As well as being their Church leader, Brigham Young also looked after affairs of State, and under his brilliant direction they held their own in a hostile environment, carried out a vast irrigation scheme, and built Salt Lake City. Their settlement became Utah Territory, and in 1896 was incorporated in the Union.

At a special conference held in Salt Lake City in August,1852, (some sources give the date as 1850), polygamy was first publicly pronounced to the world. As we have seen, it had been practised by a few of the trusted ones since 1843. Brigham Young had been shocked and dismayed when the Prophet had announced the principle of polygamy, and said he had always been taught to be true to one wife, but by 1852 he had become the leader of the polygamist way of life. It brought the sect into great disrepute, but the practice was not finally renounced by the Mormons until 1880, following the death of Brigham Young in 1877.

It was at the time of the commencement of the great overland trek to the west, in the late 1840's, that the converts were preparing to set off from Amroth and Stepaside, and some of them would also have the misery of an Atlantic crossing under sail to endure before they would even be in a position to start.

With this background in mind we can follow with much greater understanding the stories of some of those who went out from Amroth parish to set forth into the unknown.

CHAPTER 13

The Rogers

In the summer of 1990 I had a telephone call from Professor Ronald Dennis of the Brigham Young University, Utah. It subsequently transpired that he was a desecendant of the Mormon sea captain, Dan Jones, and he was eventually to be of tremendous help in the research which was to follow. Initially, however, he merely wanted to know whether I knew where Eastlake farm was. Well, yes, I knew where Eastlake was, because I held the tenancy of it myself in the 1950's.

On that occasion, Ron, as he has now become, was arranging a visit to the U.K. for a coach-load of people. One of the party was Mrs. La Rue Carter, an eighty-six years old lady from Nevada, and it was one of the memorable experiences of life to have been able to take her there with her daughter.

Mrs. Carter's grandmother, Ann Rogers, had been born at Eastlake. She had often talked about the river that flowed through the farm, and Mrs Carter had fond visions of seeing it. Unfortunately, she came in the middle of a drought and the stream had been reduced to a trickle. Most of the old house, too, had been pulled down. But she saw what was left of it and, all-in-all, felt that her lifetime's dream had been fulfilled, and took a little piece of stone back with her.

I was able to tell her something of what she had believed to be a river, because upstream from the farmyard there had once been a miniature waterfall, so that there was also something of a pool, and Ben James, who had the farm previously, used to keep his churns of milk there in the summertime to keep the milk cool whilst waiting for it to be collected, long before the days of bulk milk collection and the dreaded hygiene police. In all probability it was there that John Rogers was trying to carry out some baptising when Daniel Williams had to come to his assistance.

Mrs. Carter knew little of Ann's background, apart from something about a nasty stepmother and some letters, but only of her story after she arrived in America, so I had to do some research. Fortunately, another descendant, Mrs. Lynette Perkes, came here from California a few years later. She had never heard of her relation, Mrs. Carter, but

she knew a great deal about Ann Rogers, and I am greatly indebted to her for much information and research.

In the fullness of time Ann Rogers was to have a daughter, Celestia, who married a John Gardner. His father, Robert, and William Snow both left Journals which told of their historic journey and their various relationships, and from these we can learn much of interest as to what happened to the Rogers family, and to Ann in particular.

As we noted earlier, Zacharia Rogers of Eastlake, who died in 1826 at the age of eighty-three, had married Martha Smyth of neighbouring Amroth Green in 1787, and it was their son, John, who received special mention in Daniel Williams' Journal. He married Jennet Rees in 1812, and they had nine children, of whom Ann, born in 1835, was the youngest. The stories of the two boys, the eldest of the family, also John, born in 1813, and William, will be of interest later.

Apart from these two boys, and an older sister, Janette, their father and most of the family had been converted to Mormonism before Daniel Williams arrived on the scene of his missionary work in Amroth parish in the late 1840's. Jennet Rogers had died suddenly in 1837, at the age of forty-four, before Ann was two years old. The following year John Rogers had married Ann Williams, a farmer's daughter of St. Issell's parish, and they had one daughter, Mary.

We know from Daniel Williams' Journal that John Rogers had already been ordained a priest, and he and his family, except John, William and Janette, were preparing to emigrate. His eldest son, John, who had by this time become the local schoolteacher, tried hard, but to no avail, to dissuade him, on the grounds that his health was not sufficiently robust for him to face up to the rigours of the climate of the North American continent. Ann was thirteen at the time.

In later years Ann was herself to do some teaching in Utah, and was written of as having received a good education. That had been in the newly opened village school at Amroth, where her eldest brother, John, was the teacher, and the story was told that she used to hold his hand on the way to school, but that she had to let go when they came in sight of the school and the other children, so that he could retain his dignity in front of his pupils. It is tempting to wonder how the little bit of schooling in a rural area could be regarded as a good education, nor is it known where her brother, John, had received such schooling as he might have had himself, other than at Squire Elliott's school down at

Earwear, founded in 1713, and which remained in existence until the early years of the 19th Century. There is, however, in the Pembrokeshire Records Office, an exercise book. To give it its full title, it is '*George Lewis his+copy March 22nd 1858.*' It is an arithmetic book, full of sums and problems from beginning to end. To look at the handwriting and try to fathom the answers to some of the questions should be compulsory viewing for those entrusted with educating today's generation of school-children. It is a massive and monumental indictment of what passes for education in our own times.

It will be a pity to have to spoil a good story later on, but one of the stories to have come down to the family is that Ann, at that tender age of thirteen, was betrothed to John Thain from the nearby farm at Pendilo, before her family sailed, and that he had promised to follow her out to America in a few years' time when he had saved enough money for the passage. In the meantime they would write to each other every month. Although Ann wrote to him, she had no letters in return.

The Rogers party consisted of John and his second wife, Ann, two sons, Henry and Thomas, three girls, Sarah, Elizabeth and Ann, and the stepmother's child, Mary. They sailed from Liverpool with a party of a hundred converts on the steamship *Osprey* on January 12th 1849, to reach New Orleans on March 4th. They left there on their journey up the Mississippi for Council Bluffs, Iowa, in April.

On the boat going over, Sarah had married. When they reached St. Louis, Thomas Rogers and his wife and her relations, along with Sarah and her husband, decided to stay there and get work so that they could earn enough money to follow on later. At some stage on the journey up the Missouri, Sarah gave birth, and she and the baby both died.

Not far beyond St. Louis, Elizabeth was strangled by a man who had proposed to her, but whom she had declined to marry. This was a terrible shock to Ann, for Elizabeth was nine years older than she was and had been like a mother to her. The captain called for volunteers, and they went ashore to a plantation, 'dug a grave in a lovely spot', and gave her a Christian burial. There is no known record of what happened to the man who murdered her.

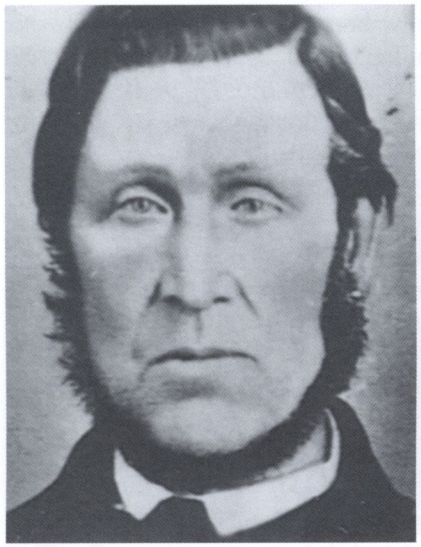
The Rogers eventually reached Council Bluffs just at the time when William Snow was preparing to set out for Salt Lake Valley, and John Rogers was 'advised' to take over his farm so that he could raise enough food for his own needs by the time he set out himself with his



'Gathering to Zion'. *LDS Church Archives.*

family on the long trek west to Utah. It was then that his son's worst forebodings became manifest, and John Rogers succumbed to the harshness of the climate. That left the stepmother and her own child, together with Ann Rogers and her brother Henry. They were both anxious to get away from the stepmother if possible, and Henry took a job with a man who was travelling to California. Ann continued to write to him for a time, but eventually could no longer afford the price of a stamp and lost touch with him for ever.

At that stage the stepmother decided that they should set out for Utah and joined up with a childless married couple. They bought a wagon, a yoke of oxen and a cow, and set off with a company who were on the point of departure. It was not long before they quarrelled, and the stepmother then demanded that the man should cut the wagon in two, which left them with a two-wheeled cart and an ox apiece. From there on for the remainder of the thousand odd miles, Ann, a couple of inches under five feet tall, walked, and drove the ox whilst the stepmother and her child rode in the cart. Their cart was the last in the wagon train and, nearing Emigration Canyon, after a journey in horrendous conditions, a wheel collapsed and Ann had to trudge on in a snow storm on her own in search of help.



William Snow.

Reaching Salt Lake City she met a man and told him of her plight. He asked her whether she knew anybody in the Valley and she said that she knew the Snows who had come from Council Bluffs. So he took her to the Snows' house and they took her in and sent men out to the stepmother and her child.

Not long after arriving in Salt Lake, the stepmother remarried, and Ann remained with William Snow and his two wives, Sally and Maria, who were then living with him.

Out of the family of eight to have left Amroth, Ann was the first to reach Salt Lake City. Her brother, Thomas, arrived later.

When Ann was given a home by the Snows, one of the wives, Maria, was nursing a new-born baby, and Ann was a great help. A second baby was born to Maria in February, 1853. A month later, 'In a ceremony performed in the President's office on March 13th, 1853, Brigham Young married and sealed to William Snow his fifth and sixth wives, Roxanna Leavitt Huntsman and Ann Rogers.' William was forty-six at that time, and Ann was nineteen. Their first child, Willard, was born in the December. Roxanna was a young widow with two small children.

One of the stories handed down was that, shortly after Ann had married, the stepmother called on her and handed her a box of letters which had been faithfully written every month by John Thain, but which the stepmother had kept from her. Then, a little while later, John Thain turned up, only to break his heart when he found that his sweetheart had married another, and he moved on to Idaho, where he married, and that his children 'did not turn out well', which possibly meant that they had strayed from the Mormon Church.

Yes, it is always a pity to have to spoil a good story. Maybe it was just another case of distance lending enchantment, or absence making

the heart grow fonder. Or maybe it was something to do with the starry-eyed dreams of calf-love. But the fact was that, whatever may have been the relationship when the thirteen-year-old Ann Rogers left Eastlake, and whatever letters may have been written and withheld, by the time John Thain of Pendilo arrived in America he was already married and brought his wife with him.

Much has been written of the horrendous poverty and hardship which had to be endured, and of how the resourceful Ann Rogers coped with her skilful needle and inventive cooking, trying desperately to make ends meet, even when fate seemed to be intent on constantly moving the ends. The story of her life could no doubt fill a book.

Roxanna's first child by William Snow was born in January 1855, Sally's third was born in July, Maria's second by William in the September, and Ann's second in December. So the father would seem to have been following the Prophet's example fairly faithfully. Before any of these births had taken place, Brigham Young had admonished the brethren to marry the widows and homeless single women in order to protect them, and William Snow, reputedly a kind and good man, had added two widows, an orphan and five children not his own, to his responsibilities.

When Salt Lake County was organised, he was appointed a magistrate, and when Salt Lake City was organised he was appointed an alderman. In the Church he had been ordained to the position of Patriarch.

He had twenty-eight children, five of whom died in infancy. When he died in 1879, at the age of seventy-three, he left two of his wives with only young boys to take care of them.

Ann had eight children. Her daughter, Celestia, had ten children, seven boys and three girls, and all ten graduated. Five of the boys went on to advanced degrees at larger universities in other states, and all five became university professors. Ann's great grandsons continued the tradition, and one, Dr. Eugene Gardner, was honoured for, as *Life Magazine* put it, 'perhaps the greatest advance in science since the creation of fission.' He and a colleague had created the first artificially generated sub-atomic particle, the meson, the first instance of man's turning pure energy into matter. Another grandson, Dr. David Gardner, became President of the University of California, comprising ten universities, which is perhaps one of the largest systems of higher education in the world.



Ann Snow.

Ann Rogers Snow, as she was known, after the American custom, died at the home of her son, Jeter, in March 1928, at the age of ninety-two, having been ill for only a short time, probably without ever having learned anything about the dangers of cholesterol or high fat milk and dairy products, and it was said of her that she never tired of telling how grateful she was to William Snow for taking her in and giving her a home, love and friends in that rough, unsettled land.

Mrs. Lynette Perkes told me that at her father's funeral, she talked to his cousin, Jo, an old lady of ninety-two, who, when she was a small child, met Ann Snow. She was taken along when Jo's grandmother and Lynette's great grandmother, Ann's daughter, Celestia, made the journey back to Pine Valley after many years away.

'Jo', Lynette said, 'remembered Ann as a tiny woman, even smaller than Grandma Celestia, who was only four foot eleven. She said that even as a great grandmother Ann was slim and straight. I asked whether Ann was a happy person, because the picture taken of her when she was seventy looked so bleak, and Jo said, "Oh, yes! Grandma and Great Grandma talked and laughed the whole day long." Of course, Ann's joy was her children, and a visit from her daughter after years apart would have been a celebration.'

When Ann was young, if anyone asked her if she loved her husband she would say, 'Brother Snow is a good man.' But she was never bold enough to call him William, or even Pa. Perhaps to look at his photograph is to understand why.

When she was older and was asked if she was sorry she had married 'Brother Snow', she would say she thought she had done the right thing because her children had all turned out so well.

When she was very old she said that 'Brother Snow' was so good and kind that she never would have been happy with anyone else.

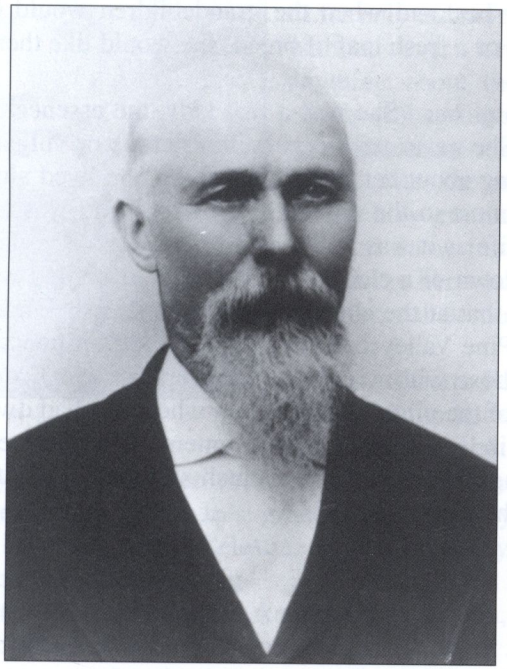
It appears that in her last years she was lonely, all but one of her surviving children having moved away, and most of the people of her own age having died. She was always appreciative of anything that was done for her, and when the grandchildren would call with her clean laundry or a fresh loaf of bread, she would like them to sit down and talk.

It was said of her, 'She was a real lady, the essence of refinement and culture. She never said a crude, boisterous or vulgar thing in her life. Everything about her was immaculate. She lived alone and cared for herself almost to the day she died. Her mind was as keen at the close of her life as it was at the beginning. When she died it was like the running down of a clock at the close of a full and well-spent life. It was fitting that at the close of her simple life she should be tucked away in the Pine Valley cemetery close to her husband, children and old friends, those with whom she had met life's joys and sorrows, in the shadows of the pine-clad mountain where she had dwelt so long.'

A far cry indeed from the well-remembered and well-loved little river sparkling its way down the much smaller valley at the Eastlake of her Amroth childhood.

CHAPTER 14

The Thains



John Teague Thain.

Something which has often struck me when researching into the history of the Pembrokeshire islands and the area generally is how, a hundred or so years ago, there would be many people with certain surnames, yet by today the same names have virtually disappeared. The telephone directory does not show a single case of the name of Thain in the south of Pembrokeshire these days, but in the last century Amroth parish was swarming with them. How many descendants there might be on the distaff side I do not know, except that it is to one of them, Mrs. Jan Llewellyn, of Pembroke, that I am indebted for a great deal of information on the family.

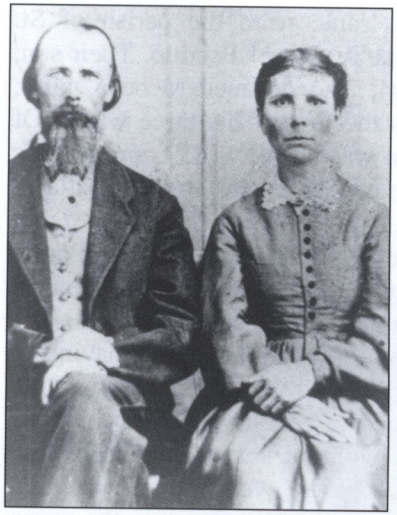
William Thain, a tailor by trade, came from the parish of St. Florence in 1802 and married Susanna Teague of Pendilo. Their son, William Teague Thain, born in 1804, also destined to be a tailor, married a Martha Griffiths, who was the first of his three wives. Of their six children, John Teague Thain was born in 1829, and he was nineteen when Ann Rogers, from the neighbouring farm of Eastlake, sailed with her family for America in 1849.

How I came to contact one of his descendants, Mrs. La Dawn Porter, of Provo, Utah, is far too long a story to be related here. Suffice it to say that I am truly grateful for so much of the information she has been able to give me, although I have had the sadness of having to spoil one more nice little story. Only a very little one, though, and not one which would have affected the course of ancestry or family history.

We know from Daniel Williams' Journal that John Thain had already been active with the Mormons before ever Williams returned to Amroth parish on his missionary crusade. We also saw the many references to John Thain and his missionary zeal in that same account of the activities in the parish during the next few years. He had, in fact, become interested when in Tenby one day in the spring of 1847. Not long after that he had evidently also become interested in Margaret Griffiths, the daughter of a carpenter and cabinet maker, William Griffiths, of Chimney Park, which was in Trafalgar Road, Tenby.

Highly skilled with the needle, Margaret made a beautiful sampler in 1844, when she was eleven years of age, and it is still hanging in the home of one of her descendants in Salt Lake City. The story goes that it was admired by Queen Victoria when she visited the school when Margaret was working on it. Sad to say, unless in the highly unlikely event of Margaret having gone away to school somewhere, this cannot be so. There is no record of Queen Victoria ever having visited Tenby, especially in 1844, twenty years before there was a railway as far west as Tenby.

In January 1851, which was just two years before Ann Rogers had sailed for America, John Thain baptised Margaret a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Early in their relationship John Thain was talking to her in glowing terms of the better prospects of being able to buy their own farm if they emigrated, and they were married in Pembroke Registry Office in March 1856. A month later they went by steamer to Liverpool, and sailed from there on April 21st



John Thain and Margaret Griffiths on their wedding day.

on the 1,900 ton sailing ship, *Samuel Curling*, in company with nine hundred saints under the command and leadership of none other than Dan Jones.

The crossing was rough at times before they reached Boston on May 24th. One of those who had been converted and went with them was John's sister, Susannah, of whom we heard when she was washing the feet of Daniel Williams. Early on the voyage she became friendly with John and Margaret Price, and helped them to care for their children. They had lost one child the previous year, and now the youngest died and was buried at sea. Six children died altogether during the crossing. Susannah was later to become the third wife of John Price.

From Boston they went on to Iowa by train, many of them in cramped conditions in cattle trucks. Many of the party dropped off along the way in search of work, so that, by the time the train reached Iowa, there were only three hundred and twenty people left.

At Iowa they found that the handcarts were not yet ready, so they all helped to finish constructing them. During the three weeks which this took, Margaret was offered a job as a dressmaker, but that was not why she had gone so far across the ocean, and was determined to press on. Each handcart cost fifteen dollars, and there was one for each family. Each handcart had one hundred pounds of flour to be divided up, and they were to get more from the wagons as required. Each adult was allowed one pound of flour, with tea or coffee, sugar and rice per day, and there were eighteen cows which gave milk. Three fine buffaloes were killed and eaten as they needed them, along with beef cattle, which they killed at the rate of one a week. They encountered many, many hardships along the way, at one stage John Thain became sick, and Margaret had to haul the handcart as he lay on top of their belongings. It was to take a heavy toll of her. The

Company reached Florence, Nebraska, after three weeks, and there they had to wait for a week whilst their carts were repaired. There were the blind and the deaf, infants in arms, widows with children, a man with a wooden leg, old ladies, one of whom was seventy-three and who walked all the way, and pregnant women. People died and were buried along the way, and children were born. The September nights were cold enough to freeze the feet of Susannah Thain, who eventually became a cripple as a result, and was to spend much of her life in a wheelchair.



Susannah Thain Price.

For four months they had crossed deserts, waded rivers, climbed mountains, and slept twenty people to a tent in order to find shelter for everyone. They had suffered hunger and endured the most terrible deprivations before they eventually reached the Salt Lake City on October 2nd, 1856. John and Margaret Thain had foot-slogged the whole way for the entire 1,300 miles from Iowa City to the Great Salt Lake Valley. There are many who might care to question their beliefs, but none who could dare question their devotion.

The new land was kind to the Thains, and they were happy to have land of their own. Margaret's father, William Griffiths, who was referred to in Daniel Williams' Journal as a Teacher in the Mormon Church, was so impressed with the news of the emigrants that he and his wife, Elizabeth, together with their family, followed them out in 1861. Eventually there was disappointment and friction. Margaret was distressed one day when her father called on her, and in great sorrow said that he had been forbidden by the Bishop to work for the Gentiles in Corinne. When he continued to do so he was excommunicated and, feeling betrayed, his one desire was to return to Wales to die.

We know no more than that of what happened to William Griffiths and Elizabeth in Utah, or when they returned, embittered and disillusioned, to their native land. But return they did. William died,

back in Tenby at their old home at Chimney Park, in March, 1875, and his wife died there a year later.

Margaret considered herself to be a good Church member, but could not agree with such authoritarian action. Nor did she hold with polygamy, and it came as an even worse shock to her and her husband, John Thain, when he was told to take a new wife, which led to their moving to Logan in 1875.

A few years afterwards, following the death of Brigham Young, the sect turned their back on polygamy, and Margaret's brother, Henry, who had come over with the family and was no doubt still angered by the treatment of his father, threw in his lot enthusiastically with the deputies in seeking out the polygamists who had gone underground. Although Margaret did not approve of polygamy, neither did she approve of what she regarded as this betrayal of her own people. It led to harsh words and a split between them. Henry was subsequently held to be guilty of other transgressions against the strictness of the Church rulers and was eventually excommunicated.



John and Margaret Thain and family.



Margaret Thain.

Perhaps something of all this was what was in the minds of those who told Ann Rogers Snow that the Thain family had 'not turned out well', but certainly there was no question of the Thains not remaining true to their beliefs, and John was ordained a High Priest in 1904. Margaret had died in September of that year. For thirty years she had been greatly troubled by a pain in her stomach, no doubt as a result of that awful burden of having to pull the handcart on their long trek.

John Thain died three years later, and the tributes were numerous and generous. It was remembered in the family afterwards that, 'The day was warm and the funeral services lasted beyond the endurance of the grandchildren. Elder Ballard was very long-winded and had not even been scheduled to speak.'

Yes, indeed. Man changes but little, and they are by no means confined to the Mormons. John Thain need not have moved so far west to have had that sort of thing inflicted on his family. He could have achieved as much by staying here. It is marvellous indeed how some of the gentlemen of the Cloth still make a meal of it when it comes time to say farewell to the earthly remains of the dearly beloved and lately departed. These days some of the more discerning mourners try to protect themselves by opting to go straight to the crematorium, but, even there, where there is supposed to be some sort of time limit, a few of the orators are notorious for giving it the works to full measure and overflowing.

CHAPTER 15

Some who Stayed

Having traced the fortunes of some of those who left, it could be of some small interest to give a passing thought to some of those of the same families who stayed behind. Here again is another example of how the names can disappear from the various registers and record books. It would be difficult nowadays to find any descendants of the Rogers by that name in this area.

Of the two Rogers boys who stayed behind when so many of the family sailed to Utah, William, as we have seen, had married Susanna, the daughter of George Williams of Tinkers Hill and, as well as working as a miner, also farmed the small acreage at the Coombs. The cottage was built, or possibly rebuilt after the days of Henry Rees, the monumental mason, in 1780, and a picture, taken before it was again rebuilt in 1896, shows the hayricks to have been neatly thatched and a man, probably William Rogers, standing by the farmyard gate.



William and Susannah Rogers.

He and Susanna had a large family, and the entries in the Church registers, not only with infant deaths, suggest that they no doubt knew much of trouble, and their headstone tells part of the story. Their daughter, Elizabeth, who was buried with them, had married George Thomas of Bangeston, just over the border in St. Issell's parish, when she was nineteen, and died when she was but twenty-three.

Even so, the old couple would no doubt have counted their blessings in many ways. Near the end of their lives they had moved to Birds Lane in Stepaside. After sixty-seven years of marriage

they died in 1908, when William was eighty-seven, and Susanna a mere five weeks later at the age of eighty-eight at the home of her daughter in Pembroke Dock.

With shades of Saul and Jonathan, the inscription on their headstone says simply, *Pleasant in their life and in their death they were not divided.*

William's older brother, John, was the one who progressed from being a farmer to becoming the schoolmaster. John and his wife, Mary Phelps, began their married life at the Palace, which was later to become Woodfield, near Eastlake, and he continued to work for his father. By the time the family sailed for Utah, John had already become the schoolmaster in the new school, which had just been built in the churchyard, and he also acted for many years as the Parish Clerk. In 1876 a new school was built in the adjoining parish of Crunwear, and John Rogers became the schoolmaster there. He died in the school house at Crunwear at the age of sixty-six in 1880.



Crunwear School house.



Martha Rogers.

His widow would then seem to have moved back to the Burrows and lived at Beach Cottage, subsequently known as Coedmôr, possibly through the good offices of William's father-in-law, George Williams of Tinkers Hill. In the meantime, William and Susanna's daughter, Martha, had gone away to Bristol. She gave birth to a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, and the child was brought up by Martha's mother. Elizabeth subsequently married a George Williams who built Glan-Y-Môr, where this is being written. John Rogers' widow, Mary, died at Beach House at the age of ninety-one in 1907, and Martha died with her own daughter at Glan-Y-Môr at the age of eighty-nine in 1930. At the time of writing, Elizabeth's daughter is still mentally as sharp as a needle in her nineties. Who says there is nothing in heredity?

Chapter 16

More Hardship and Emigration

The William Thain of Pendilo, who had followed in his father's footsteps as a tailor, had a brother, Thomas, who also followed the same trade. Thomas and his wife, Priscilla Phillips, had a son, Thomas, in 1844, but he became a mariner, probably working out of Saundersfoot. Bonville's Court colliery had not long been opened, and Saundersfoot had become a busy little port. The family lived at the house sometimes known as the Bridge, and sometimes as the Steps, at Wisemansbridge, but the other side of Ford's Lake in St. Issell's parish.

In 1863, at the age of nineteen, Thomas Thain married a twenty-three-year old dressmaker, Elizabeth James, also of Wisemansbridge, who had moved down with her widower father from Pendine. Thomas then deserted the sea for the time being, because by the time the first child, Joseph, was born the following year, Thomas was working as a furnace tender at the nearby Grove ironworks, and they were living at Corsegate. There were three more children, and, by the time the last two were born, Thomas Thain was back at sea, no doubt due to the vagaries in the fortunes of the Grove. The youngest of the children, James, was born in May, 1870. In December of the same year, the young mother died at the age of thirty.

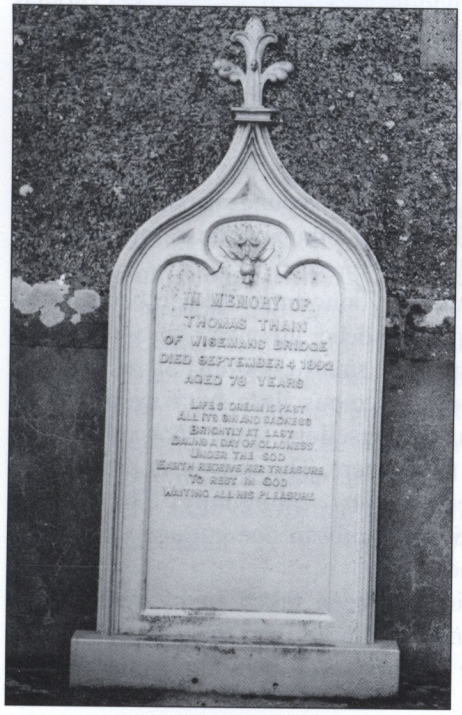
It was believed at the time that the young husband had been lost at sea, but this was not so. He did indeed go away to sea shortly afterwards, but had deserted the four small children. So who, then, was to care for them? There was precious little by way of Social benefits, and probably not many counsellors about, nor other such characters whose business it is to interfere. The answer in those more self-reliant days, was the neighbouring community. The Census Returns tell their own story, with a family in one cottage taking one child, and somebody else another.

Two-years-old Charles Thain had been taken in by relations at 'Littlepoorshipping', but we know no more than that, except that in later years he was taken to the Rhondda Valley by the James family, who went there from Stepaside.

We saw something of Thomas and Ann Rees at Duncow Hill in

1860. By 1861, Anne was living at the Corse with her parents, Benjamin and Anne Howells. Thomas was not there. Maybe he was off for the season working in the South Wales coalfields. But by 1871 he had died, or been killed underground like so many others. Anne's parents had also died, and she was now living in one room at Corsegate, working as a farm labourer, and caring for her own ten-year-old son, John, and six-year-old Joseph Thain. Ten years later, she was on her own in her one room and working as a sharwoman, as the term seems to have been in those days. Not infrequently, for some obscure reason, it was entered as shorewoman, and she was still at the same drudgery in 1891.

Joseph seems to have been improving his status gradually, because by 1881 he was back living with his grandfather, Thomas Thain, at the Steps, and had become a pupil teacher. By that time, Tommy Thain, married for the second time, if not the third, had added a part-time job to his tailoring. The railway line from Stepaside to Saundersfoot had recently been built, and the *Rosalind*, with her retinue of rattling coal drams, ran past his door, and somebody was needed to warn anybody approaching with a horse-and-cart that this leviathan was due, and make sure to keep well back. The *Rosalind* did not carry a sticker saying, 'I slow down for horses.' When he died in 1893, at the age of seventy-eight, Thomas Thain was buried at Sardis, and his headstone was not of stone, but was one of the fashionable iron creations being produced by the David family at the nearby Foundry.



Thomas Thain's iron headstone.

The only girl of the four abandoned children, Sarah Ann, had been taken in by a family by the name of Davies, from Penally, and she took their name. Eventually she was taken by them to America, where she married and had nine children. Of greater interest, perhaps, is the case of the youngest of the four children, James Thain, because he was to leave behind a written record which gives us a marvellous insight into life in the parish at that time.

The baby James was taken in by Nicholas and Ann Evans, who were living with their young family at nearby Painful Hill, just over on the St. Issell's side of Ford's Lake, near Sardis Mountain. He is shown there in 1881 as a nephew, at which time he was ten years old, but I have no knowledge of what the relationship was. In later years he moved away to work in the South Wales coalfields, and from there he emigrated to Philadelphia to join the sister who had been out there for some time. She had only remembered seeing him once, when he was a small boy, and he could not remember her at all. When he arrived in Pennsylvania it was to find that conditions were not nearly as good as his sister had led him to believe, but she said that had she told him the true state of affairs she was afraid he might not have come, and she was longing to see him. In his old age, probably about 1950, when he would have been eighty, his family persuaded him to write down something of his life for them. We know some of the miserable details already, but I feel they are worth repeating in his own words.

'My earliest recollections,' he wrote, 'are as a small boy looking out across the hills towards the old fashioned blast furnaces and coke ovens, as they illuminated the sky and sent their flaming sparks heaven-ward, in a little hamlet near the town of Saundersfoot, in the county of Pembrokeshire, South Wales. I was deeply impressed especially in the evening when the workmen were taking the molten slag away from the furnaces. It was a wonderful sight to me, as I was not allowed to go that far from home at that time, tho it was only about a half a mile away. Those industries, however, were closed down shortly after this and were never reopened. I remember as boys we used to delight to wander around the old shops and warehouses of what had once been a flourishing business. We had to pass it in going to and from school. It was our besetting sin to loiter and play among the ruins. Possibly if the old furnaces had continued to operate many of us boys would have begun our career making pig iron and coke.

I remember we used to meet the boss when we were coming from school and we always asked him if he had a job ready for us. He being a jovial kind of fellow always had a place ready. Then he would ask our age. We would say, "ten going in eleven or eleven going in twelve, etc."

Very, very slowly the years went by. But time doesn't wait. And in course of time when we had passed the required test prescribed by law the schoolmaster told us we were free to go to work. We were the happiest boys imaginable. We ran all the way home. Didn't eat much supper. "Where are you going?" mother asked. Going? Why going see the boss. And I went. Another boy about a year older than I who had been at work about a year and who I looked up to as a hero accompanied me. We didn't have any preliminaries to go thru to get started to work in those days as we have at present. So I was told to start in the morning. We hurried home to get ready altho most everything had been provided before-hand. I remember people warning me not to be too expectant as I would be tired of work in a few days and would wish myself back in school. I scorned such a thought.

The memorable day had come at last. As all days come. I thought how slow time goes by. A day was long; a week was longer; a month and a year interminable. My first job in the mine was trapping, that is opening and closing doors for the men and horses with trains of cars as they passed to and fro. These doors are used to direct the ventilation of the mine and the health and sometimes the lives of the miners depended on these doors being kept closed. I well remember how the boss cautioned me in regard to this. There were two doors so that while one was open the other was closed. In this way the ventilating current was not greatly disturbed. I had other duties such as: watching the switches on the side-track and coupling the cars ready for the drivers. For this I was paid the sum of seven pence per day. I shall never forget that first day. It was the longest I ever experienced. After I had my trip or train of cars coupled I would sit at my inside door and listen for my driver. He had about a mile to go and I could hear the rumble of his cars almost from the time he left the inside parting or side-track for the reason that the roadway was arched with rock almost to its entire distance.

I trapped three days, but it seems like three months to me now. So many things transpired to make it eventful. On the third day the boss

asked me to take a job in the interior of the mine. We worked this on a three shift basis; two of us on each shift of eight hours each. This was indeed very desirable more so because it give me a raise of two pence making my wage nine pence (eighteen cents) per day. It also gave me a greater knowledge of the working face or interior of the mine. The time passed more swiftly as we were kept busy and were interested in our little machine which was a novel, yet simple affair. There was a large sump or well where the water collected, and after we had pumped it dry we could rest for an hour or more if we so desired. But boy like we wanted to see all that was going on around us and we often left our pumps to go see the boys and men that were producing the coal. We used to help the larger boys load their little cars or trams as we called them; anything to be doing something new. Sometimes the men would give us a pick and let us try to dig coal. The coal seam was only sixteen inches thick, so we had to lie down on our side in order to get between the roof and the floor. I used to fear that the coal would be all mined before I would be big enough to have a share of digging it. However, they are still working that little coal seam though sixty years has passed since that time. Sometimes we would take our pumps apart in order to see their construction or as we used to say to make some repairs, which we felt were always needed.

We continued at this job about six months until it became very monotonous. The odd hours deprived us of a good deal of the association and good times with the other boys. I especially rebelled against working Sunday. However, the time came as the workings advanced to higher ground, that the necessity of maintaining the pumps became unnecessary, and we boys were given different jobs in various parts of the mine. Some pushing or tramming or helping-up as we called the little fellows who with a little iron hook with a cross piece attached, hooked on to the empty cars to assist the larger boys in getting their cars to the top of the many steep grades. In coming down with their loaded cars they used sprags often as many as four of the wheels were spragged or braked the declivity being so great. Those were stirring times in the life of us boys. We were reckless in regard to the dangers that beset us and our fellows. Many times we used to race our cars down those little roadways at an alarming rate; heedless to the danger of anyone coming up. All of us boys were barefooted as to wear shoes would have been too great an encumbrance, as the

roadways were only 2? to 3 feet high. Many times, especially in the morning, have I knocked my back against the roof tearing the flesh off all along the backbone. The following day do the same thing possibly half a dozen times until our backs were kept raw, which was the price we paid for being so long legged. We used to be so stiff and sore in the morning before we warmed up. We called this soreness "growing ages". I presume it was. We were growing too big for our roadway. Many a good old cry I have had after knocking a fresh scab off my back. Then I would sit down a while until I would hear the rumbling of the boy in the next roadway and I would get up and hurry away to load my tram so I would not lose my turn, which was considered a disgrace. We prided ourselves on the speed we could load and complete the trip.

However, those were happy days in a way. We had lots of fun as we congregated at the side tracks waiting to dump our cars. We thrashed out all the leading questions of the day at these stopping places. We had tests of strength, wrestling matches and fights galore. Time passed very swiftly and as we grew took bigger jobs that required more muscle and experience.

At the age of nineteen I took a place with my foster brother, who was several years older than I, cutting or digging coal as we called it. I was now a man, a full fledged miner. My foster father had died in the meantime and my brother married leaving me the sole provider for my foster mother and a family of four. We were certainly in pretty hard circumstances when my brother took me with him to dig coal. This increased my wages from about one shilling and sixpence to four shillings per day. I was so overjoyed the first payday that I could scarcely get home quick enough and poured it all in mother's lap. If I do say it, I always did that so long as she lived. She died when I was twenty-two years old.'

Shortly after his foster mother died, James Thain followed in the footsteps of so many who had gone before him to the coalfields of South Wales, and from there, in 1893, he set out for Pennsylvania. It is interesting to read how, having reached there, and when times were not too good, he decided to head for Iowa where he knew that many people from his native parish of Amroth had settled. Small wonder that so many come here from overseas seeking to find out something of their roots. There he made progress and became manager of one of the largest coalpits in America.



James Thain and family, c. 1905.

James Thain would seem to have been reasonably well informed over what was happening in his native land, because he referred to the fact that they were 'still working that little coal seam' sixty years later. Up to 1949/50 the late Edgar Howells was, in fact, still working the Wood Level at Stepaside.

It is interesting, too, in reading his story, to reflect that he did not do too badly with such schooling as had been available to him. When he spoke of the little school attached to the parish church it would have been St. Issell's, because that was the parish in which he was brought up, and it was not too far a walk from Sardis, although Sardis was also close to Stepaside and Wisemansbridge. But when he spoke of the attempt by Mrs. Hodge to run a school in her house he was referring to Rachel Hodge at Corsegate, in nearby Pleasant Valley. Just as when we look upon the notebook of George Lewis, it gives us food for thought. Maybe Rachel Hodge, who was to live to be ninety by the time she died in 1930, did not do too bad a job at that.

I remember her as a small woman, but she was a tough character. In addition to her school-teaching, she also did much for her neighbours by way of charming away certain disorders, and grew and collected from the fields and wayside hedges many and various herbs and



Corsegate.

flowers for the making of her medicines and ointments. From whom she inherited the gift of charming is not known, but it is at least permissible to wonder whether it could have been from the Thomas Prout mentioned by Mary Curtis. He lived nearby at one of the cottages later known as Pleasant Green, but originally The Commons. Mary Curtis told of having met Thomas Prout, and described him as 'an intelligent labouring man', and also as 'an old inhabitant of Wisemansbridge', who had effected some remarkable cures as a faith healer. He also told her something of land and a cottage which had been lost at Wisemansbridge in the course of coast erosion. He died in 1854 at the age of seventy-three.

Whether there was any relationship or connection between Thomas Prout and Rachel Hodge I do not know. In her turn she passed the gift on to her daughter, Annie, who married Ben John, but went through life referred to more often than not as Annie Hodge. The late Dr. Tom Griffiths, of Saundersfoot, sent many of his patients to her, especially for such painful complaints as the shingles. She, in turn, passed the gift on to her son, Ken, and his widow, June, having received the gift from him, still charms.

To read of Rachel Hodge brings back recollections of my own, because Father often told of the time when he was a boy at Duncow

Hill and would rush home from Stepaside school to get the donkey-and-cart to drive a load of culm from the Lower Level pit for some cottager or other, and to be there in time for the men to load the cart for him before they went home. On one occasion it was for Rachel Hodge, but there was something of an industrial dispute between them. As far as I remember, he said the cart carried five hundred-weight, and the culm cost fourpence-halfpenny a hundredweight, making a total of one-and-tenpence-halfpenny for the load. Father was then given three halfpence for his trouble, making the round two shillings. On this occasion, Rachel demanded that he should shovel the load in over the stone retaining wall, and Father point-blank refused, on the grounds that she had a husband and a son who could have done it for her. That was one of the rare occasions when his father approved of something he had done, or refused to do, and it marked the end of his operations in the coal-haulage business.

Rachel Hodge was the daughter of Benjamin Allen, a Stepaside blacksmith, and had married Robert Hodge, son of the redoubtable Bridget Hodge of Wisemansbridge Inn, of whom more will have to be told another day. One of their grandsons, Bobby Hodge of Saundersfoot, also became a Tenby blacksmith of repute. When I was a boy, in Tenby Council School for a few years between 1929-32, it was sometimes my duty to bring home Bobby's exercise book from the teacher, Ensor Morgan, a cane-wielding fiend who was also the teacher in the night-school classes of those days, when Bobby was already working as a blacksmith's apprentice.

Yes, education amounted to something, and was sought after and valued, once upon a time.

CHAPTER 17

The Rees family and others destined for Utah

By one of those odd quirks of life I have had more personal contact with descendants of the Rees family who went to America than with some of the others, and yet it has taken much longer to learn something of their subsequent history after leaving their native parish.

I wonder whether those who have gone before us ever gave a second thought to the difficulties they would be creating for the researchers who would one day seek to know more about them. I think not, otherwise they would have been a little more considerate in their choice of Christian names for their children. When we come to a proliferation of families by the name of Griffiths, Rees, Thomas, John or Prout, and then find that so many of the boys have been named after their fathers, which meant their grandfathers before that, and daughters named after their mothers, and then remember that young men as often as not married the daughters of near neighbours, we are faced with something rather more than a puzzle in trying to work out some of the relationships.

As I wrote earlier, when commenting on the Daniel Williams Journal, 'Thomas Rees (a twenty-three years old coal miner of Wellsprings or Springwells) was ordained Priest. He had been born at Green Plains, and in the same year his younger brother, Charles, emigrated with the saints, having previously married Sarah Griffiths, the daughter of the miller, William Griffiths, of Slate Mill, and we can learn more about their subsequent life later.'

When I wrote that little passage I had high hopes of finding out a great deal more, but it has not been easy. Nor was research made any easier by having that other Thomas Rees and his wife living for a short while, at much the same time, at Duncow Hill, and there is enough trouble in the world already without my looking for more by going into that one.

In 1841 forty-four-year-old Mary Rees (formerly Morgan) was living at Green Plains and working as a collier. Well, she had to do something to keep her young family did she not? Her husband, another Charles Rees, and another of those delicate miners, had died

at Christmas time, 1837, at the early age of forty-two, leaving his young widow with six children, two boys and four girls, for whom she had to provide. The two boys, and possibly the girls as well, were already working in the pits.

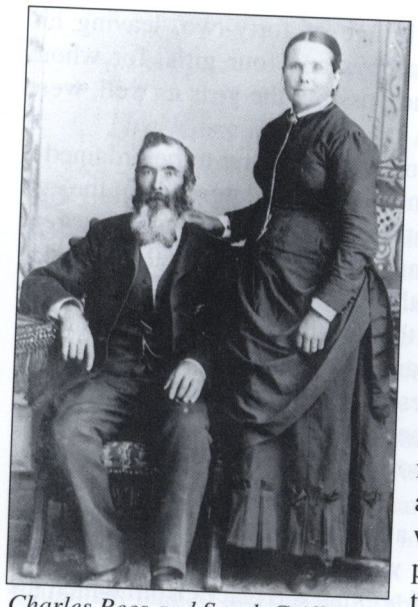
The older boy, Thomas, was the one who was later to be ordained a priest with the Mormons. He had gone to work underground at the age of ten, and his younger brother, another Charles, at the age of seven. And that was where they worked until emigrating in 1860. With that sort of background, with or without the Mormon influence, there is no need to ask why they emigrated, although the Mormons would have given financial help for the passage and after they arrived.

Mary's father-in-law, George Rees, had also been living with them in 1841, and at the age of eighty-one was evidently much healthier, quite possibly because he was working above ground as a farm labourer.

Back in 1983 I had a visit from a sprightly old gentleman, by the name of Roland Reese, from Utah, who was then in his eighties and who was researching his family and seeking the places from which his forebears had emigrated. He was one of the fifty-seven grandchildren of the emigrant Charles Rees. Another young descendant, Lance, has also turned up on the same mission and been able to tell something of the family's fortunes after they had sailed in search of a new home. It is to him I am indebted and grateful for having provided so much information on his family.

More recently I had a chatty letter from Roland in which he mentioned in passing that he was now ninety-eight, and that his daughters were urging him to live to be a hundred so that they could have a party. He did not quite make it, but, as Lance said when he wrote to tell me, 'He will remember all of us kindly when we meet again.'

Thomas Rees, as Daniel Williams wrote, had already been ordained a priest, and then his younger brother, Charles, 'heard the truth and was converted, then baptized 25th of September 1852.' There has been no word as yet as to what became of Thomas and his family, the only information on the Rees emigrants having come from Charles' descendants. Charles married Sarah Griffiths in 1856. They sailed on the ship *Underwriter* from Liverpool for New York in the March of 1860, and by that time they had two small sons, William and another Charles.



Charles Rees and Sarah Griffiths.

From New York they moved on to Macon County in Missouri, where Charles worked in the mines at Bevier until he could save enough money to buy a team of oxen and a small wagon. By the following spring, he and his brother, Thomas, had enough money to buy their outfits and, in the company of Milo Andrus and John R. Murdock, set off west for Salt Lake City, which they reached in the September of 1861. Charles' wife, Sarah, and four-year-old William walked nearly all the way. Into the bargain, Sarah was in an advanced stage of pregnancy by the time they reached there, and they moved on to Willard, a small town in Northern Utah, where their third child, Isaac, was born on October 13th and died the same day. He was christened Isaac, after Sarah's brother, far, far away in her home parish of Amroth, and was buried at Willard.

It is thought that they might have moved to Willard because they knew they would almost certainly have help from Thomas Griffiths, who had settled there. Thomas Griffiths? Thomas Griffiths of Amroth parish? That name rings a bell. Could it have been their former neighbour, young Thomas Griffiths, son of Joseph Griffiths of Duncow Hill? We shall see.

Whilst they were at Willard, Sarah traded her beautiful shawl for a cow, and this proved to be the foundation of what was to become a large herd.

Having saved enough money whilst working at Willard they then moved on to a new settlement, known as Hyde Park, in the Cache Valley. For the first two years they lived in a dugout until a home could be built, and it was in this dugout their next son, Thomas Heber, was born in 1862. Eight years later, Brigham Young suggested in conference that if the people would leave the safety of the hills and settle by the river it could well discourage Indian harassment. Charles

and Sarah, along with a George Thomas and his wife, were amongst the first to accept the call and, moving down to the banks east of the Bear River, they became the first white settlers in what was to become known as Benson. In the autumn of 1871 another son, Richard, was born to Charles and Sarah and was the first white child born there.

George Thomas was almost certainly the one who had married George and Joice Howells' daughter, Martha, and had grumbled about the price of the hat. It would have been only natural for the Amroth and Stepaside people, as in the case of Charles Rees and Thomas Griffiths, to stick to their own as far as possible in what must have been the awesome and challenging surroundings so far from their native land, just as those who went out from the Blaskets and the Dingle Peninsula in the far west corner of Ireland headed for Springfield, in Massachusetts. At one time it was reckoned that there were forty thousand Irish in a population of seventy-odd thousand.



Charles and Sarah Rees with their seven sons. Back row, left to right: Alma, Moses, Thomas Heber, Richard and Andrew. Front row, left to right: Charles Albert, Sarah, Charles and William.

The area where the Rees family settled was rich in wildlife, much hunted by the Indians, and the settlers established a good relationship and traded freely with them. There they were to remain until the end of their days, Charles dying in 1904, and Sarah in 1918. Throughout their lives they were active in their Church and had twelve sons, seven of whom lived to manhood, married and raised their families in Benson. Three of the sons served on missions.

It had been one of those places where the desert truly had to be made to bloom when the pioneers settled there, homes had to be built and wells dug. Roads, canals, bridges, a school and a church had to be built. In all of this work the Rees family, who have now become Reese, evidently played a prominent part, both in the civic and religious life of the community. Charles and Sarah had fifty-seven grandchildren, and the family, many of them still farming on the land which their forefathers cultivated, are now in the fifth generation.

So much, then, for those whose stories we know. But when we remember the horrendous conditions in which so many of our ancestors lived, it can be a sobering thought to look at some of the names on such old records as are available to us, and then, when we start to dig a bit deeper, to realise that we are perhaps closer to some of the people than we might have thought we were.

I mentioned earlier one of the boys of that so-called romantic age, the fourteen-year-old coal hauler, Thomas Griffiths, not to be confused with young Thomas of that ilk of Duncow Hill, but the son of Isaac and Elizabeth Griffiths of Whitelays. Isaac was a son of the miller, William Griffiths of Slate Mill, whose daughter, Sarah, had married the Mormon, Charles Rees, and emigrated in 1860, and of whose subsequent lives we have just been reading. Isaac had 'married in', and become the son-in-law of the widow, Elizabeth Davies of Whitelays, whose daughter's name was also Elizabeth. There was also a son, Thomas Davies. So far, so good, and it would help to bear that in mind.

Isaac and Elizabeth Griffiths had a number of children, the eldest of whom was also named Thomas, and then came William. After that came Elizabeth and Mary, and then came Isaac, but he died at the age of one, and then came four more. Then Isaac and his wife died, Thomas and William had moved out, and Mary, at sixteen years of age, was head of what family was left, with three small sisters and a

brother, from the age of nine down to two, to bring up in two rooms, quite possibly with all five sleeping in the one bed. If they had a bed, that is. It is hard to imagine that life could have been easy for her.



Ted and Caroline Goring.

By 1891 Mary and her young dependants had apparently gone out into the world, her brother, Thomas had come back with his wife, and they and their six children were no doubt living in the same two rooms, and still, presumably, sleeping in the one bed. How they could all have managed during those awful years without the benefit of state counselling it is difficult to say, but manage they most certainly did.

All of which may tell us something of the times, but it does nothing to tell us that it is, after all, a small world indeed, and that is where we find that we have been closer to some of the families than we might have realised.

When I was a small boy in Saundersfoot, we were still living where I had been born at the then Bethany Manse, and just along the road from us, at Lindy Villa, lived Ted Goring, one of the Saundersfoot boatmen and pilots who brought in the ships coming in for coal. When I was a bit older I spent many an hour in his boat with him, but when I was small I spent more time with his wife, who had lost a leg, and moved about her basement kitchen on crutches. The accident had happened some years previously, when the family had been living in Railway Street. When she went to call her two boys in for dinner, they were playing on the beach at the end of the garden throwing stones, or 'piling' them, as we would have said in Pembrokeshire in those days, and one of the stones hit Mrs. Goring on the leg. The wound turned gangrenous, and the leg had to be amputated.

The crutches were fascinating for a small boy. The fact that she was kind to me and always looked forward to my coming in to see her and

to chatter was a bonus. Home-made, well-buttered 'plank cooks' cemented the friendship. She died in 1927, and the entry in the church burial register says that her name was Caroline.

Mrs. Goring's mother had been a Caroline Mills, who came from Little Haven, in the parish of Walton, on the west coast of Pembrokeshire. Her father, another Isaac, was a fisherman. He signed to go to sea at the age of fourteen, and his apprenticeship papers reveal that he bound himself to one William Allen for three years and not to 'commit fornication or contract Matrimony within the said term. He shall not play at Cards or Dice Tables or any other unlawful Games . . . He shall not haunt Taverns or Playhouses nor absent himself from his Master unlawfully day or night.' In 1819, however, he and his twin brother, Abraham, did a few weeks in gaol for smuggling. Unlike the evils already specified, this was an entirely honourable occupation, but you were not supposed to be caught.

When Caroline Mills was nine, her mother died and, as was the custom, young Caroline and the rest of the children were taken in by neighbours and family. Caroline was sent to live with relations, George and Mary Lewis, in Narberth. A year later, at the age of ten, she was deemed to be old enough to go out to work, and in 1851, when she was nineteen, was in the service of William Brock Swann, the magistrate, who lived at Merrixton in Amroth parish.

Whilst she was there she met and married Thomas Davies, of Whitelays, which was why I suggested bearing his name in mind. By the summer of 1856 they had three children, when, on August 22nd, at the age of twenty-six, Thomas was killed in what the newspaper of the day so typically referred to as 'a melancholy accident' during the sinking of the Grove pit, which was just about nearing completion. At least five other men are known to have been killed on different occasions during the course of this operation. There was a distinct lack of information concerning Thomas Davies down through the years, but confirmation came eventually with the finding of the two names, George James and Thomas Davies, mentioned briefly in the report of H.M. Inspector of Mines for August 1856, as having been killed in an accident at the Grove pit. Although George James had been buried at Amroth Church, there was no record anywhere of Thomas Davies having been buried, and it eventually began to look more and more likely that, whatever the nature of the accident, his

body had never been recovered. It was the August 29th edition of the old *Pembrokeshire Herald and General Advertiser* which told the whole, sad miserable story:

'About ten o'clock on Friday night last there were some men at work sinking a pit belonging to the Pembrokeshire Iron and Coal Company at Merrixton Bottom. It appears that they were at this time adjusting some of the works in the pit, and there was at the time a weighty piece of iron called the Gamberreen, or distance bar, suspended in the frame work over the pit. The use of this bar is to pass over the guide chains in the pit to keep steady [the] tube ascending and descending, but its service at that time was an obstruction to the work they had in hand, and while two of the workmen, named George James and Thomas Davies, were ascending in a tub, the rope attached to it came in contact with this bar, and it fell. The weight of the fall snapped the rope, and the unfortunate men were but a few fathoms from the top, consequently they had a fall of upwards of fifty fathoms. One of the poor fellows was so dreadfully mangled that his body and limbs were literally scattered over the bottom of the pit. There was not much injury visible on the other, but life was quite extinct when he was taken up. George James left a wife and three children, and Thomas Davies a wife and four children. Mr R. Lean sub manager and three workmen were in the pit when this awful catastrophe occurred. There was a recess at the bottom of the pit, in which they sheltered themselves from anything falling on them. This was a very appalling sight to them.'

The report was not entirely accurate, because it was George James who was the father of the four children, whilst Thomas Davies had only three. The fourth, a girl, did not arrive until 1859, by which time Caroline had been a widow for three years, and she, too, was christened Caroline.

The twenty-nine-year-old widow would seem to have tried, somewhat unsuccessfully, to support herself by trading as a grocer. By 1871 she had moved to Wellsprings, sometimes known as Springwells, and by 1881 she and the younger Caroline were living at Pleasant Valley, with the mother working as a charwoman and the daughter as a milliner. Nobody seems to know what happened to the son, Thomas, apart from the fact that he had emigrated. George, by that time, was married and living at Springwells, but was



Jo Hayes and her daughters.

unemployed, which was unusual in those days. It was at his home in Kilgetty that his mother eventually died, in 1915, at the age of eighty-four. No doubt she could have told much of sorrow and hardship, and it is good to know that she, too, was one who died within the love of her own family.

Her daughter, Elizabeth, was another of those who had joined the well-worn emigration trail. How do I know? Well, these Americans, from Kansas, turned up at Merrixton trying to trace their ancestor, Caroline Mills, who had been in service there with William Brock Swann, and they were told to 'ask Roscoe Howells'. So now there has been another name added to the ever-growing list of pen friends.

Mrs. Jo Anne Hagnauer Hayes tells me, and she should know because Elizabeth was her great-grandmother, that Elizabeth went out to Colorado in 1883 to marry her childhood sweetheart, John Thomas from Springwells, which adjoined Whitelays. He had started work underground, probably at the Grove, at the age of nine, so it was only natural that he should have followed the same occupation when he arrived in Colorado. His is another of the many success stories of those who went out from the poverty of their native parish to seek their fortune overseas. He worked his way up through the managerial ranks of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, owned by the Rockefellers, and he finished up as District Superintendent. Unlike so many of their Mormon neighbours, however, they took their Methodist beliefs with them, and John Thomas helped to found the first Methodist Church in Rockville. There is enough material there

for another book, and it would be good to think that somebody will write it one day.

All of this leaves us with the other daughter, Caroline, who had married Ted Goring, and I knew nothing of any of it when I used to call in to chat with my friend, the dear old lady on crutches all those years ago, until I found the entry of her death in the Church register, and then started wondering why George Davies of Kilgetty should have been buried in Amroth. I sometimes wonder, too, whether dear old Mrs. Goring's granddaughter, Sheila Wood, who lives in London, will meet up one day with her relations who live in Kansas, and maybe the even more distant ones in Utah.

And, just as if it matters, and I don't suppose it does, I hardly suppose I would ever have known anything of this had I not turned up all that information about Charles Rees who went to Utah with his wife Sarah, the sister of Isaac, after whom she named her baby boy who died all those thousands of miles away in Willard the day he was born. Which brings me back full circle to Saundersfoot where I was born, all of three or four miles from Amroth.

Chapter 18

The Legend

Apart from the reference to Charles and Sarah Rees moving on to Willard to be near their old Amroth neighbour, Thomas Griffiths, we have seen no reference to the Griffiths family of Duncow Hill since that concluding mention in Daniel Williams' Journal.

Yes, well, of course, there was that old story at the beginning about Joe and Elizabeth waiting for the promised call, and the subsequent call of the voice down the chimney. Good friends though they had been, there had evidently been no place for them on the boat when Daniel Williams sailed with his contingent in 1852, yet nowhere is there to be found any record whatsoever of the Griffiths family anywhere in the parish thereafter, nor even in any of the adjoining parishes. So, what did become of them?

I remember vaguely that, when I was a boy, there was some talk of a descendant of the Griffiths family out in Utah trying to get in touch with any members of the Howells or Griffiths families who might still be over here, but nothing came of it. It was long before the communicating wonders of the Internet and e-mail, and I cannot remember any more than that. In any case, in itself it would be little enough by way of positive evidence of what became of the Griffiths family. And then, after all the years of silence, with no trace of them anywhere in the various parish records, and wondering what had happened to them, we find the reference to Thomas Griffiths in Willard when the Rees family arrived there seven years later, and the reference to that George Thomas who had queried the price of the hat and had married my great grandfather's, Richard Howells', sister, the daughter of George and Joice Howells.

Whatever may be the truth of the call down the chimney, or the vague recollection of one of the family making enquiries, the records eventually tell us that there was a very good reason why no trace of the Griffiths family of Duncow Hill could be found anywhere in the parish registers after the early 1850's, because, the year after Daniel Williams' departure, the whole family sailed for Utah from Liverpool on February 15th 1853, on a ship named the *Jersey*, arriving in New Orleans on March 22nd.

They are listed on the roster of the Joseph W. Young company. Having arrived in New Orleans, they took the steamboat *John Simonds* up the Mississippi to Keokuk in Iowa, arriving probably in April, and remaining there for almost two months, outfitting for Utah. With 425 in the company, and 56 wagons, they left Keokuk about June 3rd, and reached Salt Lake City on October 10th.

The family included Joseph and Elizabeth, both aged sixty-three, their older son, Thomas, whose wife was also Elizabeth, and the younger son, another Joseph, and his wife, Phoebe. They were in the party of one Henry Pugh, and the entry in his Journal for Saturday, June 25th 1853, says, 'The company proceeded across the prairie and encamped at Winterset. Sister Elizabeth Griffiths from Pembrokeshire (Stepaside Branch/Wales) died about 12 miles east of Winter Quarters, aged 64 years. She was buried on the prairie near yesterday's camp ground.'

There was a further report from Henry Pugh on September 22nd, direct to Brigham Young, in which Pugh told a sorry tale of the difficulties they were facing, with the loss of cattle due to the want of grass. The full list of names at that stage, together with an itemised list of their possessions, includes Joseph Griffiths, together with his two sons and their wives. It also includes the names of Daniel Williams and his wife, Mary, so that we know that the old friends of so many happy hours at Duncow Hill had been reunited.

There is no other record, as yet, of what happened to the rest of the Griffiths family of Duncow Hill, except for the reference to the son, Thomas, at Willard, but at least we know that the family really did reach the Salt Lake City, their Promised Land, at last.

We know that, with the passing years, before the advent of that social destroyer, television, known variously as the one-eyed monster or the idiot's lantern, stories were handed down round the fireside from one generation to another. Maybe the facts could be embellished, or changed, and vary slightly here and there. Perhaps, though, it tells us also that we should not dismiss too lightly the stories of the old people, and, which is even more important, that maybe we have a duty to listen to them and pass them on to those who come after us, because that is tradition, and they are our heritage.

Bibliography

Chapter 1
Tomás Ó Crohan, *The Islandman*, 1937 [The Talbot Press, Dublin]
T.L. *Narberth, Whitland and Clynderwen Weekly News* Sept 1st & Sept 8th 1910.
T.L. *Narberth, Whitland and Clynderwen Weekly News* April 19th 1923 & April 3rd 1924
T.L. *Narberth Weekly News* February 11th 1926

Chapter 3
N.L.W. *Picton Castle Papers* PG 4252 Sale Catalogue Pembs-Ref 37 John Francis
Roscoe Howells *Amroth: A Brief History* [Gomer] 2000
Roscoe Howells *Old Saundersfoot from Monkstone to Marrôs* [Gomer] 1977

Chapter 4
Narberth, Whitland and Clynderwen Weekly News op. cit. Ch. 1
T.L. *Weekly Observer* Jan 23rd 1965

Chapter 5
J. L. & Barbara Hammond, *The Village Labourer 1760–1832*.[Longmans, Green & Co., London] 1911.
T.L. *Tenby Observer* April 19th 1923.
N.L.W. *Lucas Papers* 2791.– 2787-806
T.L. *Weekly News* April 3rd 1924
P.C.R. *Enclosure Awards* QRE/8
Francis Jones *Treasury Of Historic Pembrokeshire* [Brawdy Books] 1998

Chapter 6
David W. Howell *Land and People in Nineteenth-Century Wales* [Routledge & Kegan Paul] 1977
Roscoe Howells *Old Saundersfoot from Monkstone to Marrôs* [Gomer] 1977
M.R.C. Price *Industrial Saundersfoot* [Gomer] 1982
R.H. Franks *Commission of Enquiry [Employment of Children]* 1842
T.L. *Tenby Observer* Oct 19th 1923.
Philip Gosse *Tenby: A Seaside Holiday* 1856

Chapter 7
M.R.C. Price *Industrial Saundersfoot* [Gomer] 1982 op. cit. Ch 6
Frank Morrison *Who Moved the Stone?* [Faber & Faber] 1930
Roscoe Howells *Amroth: A Brief History* [Gomer] 2000
Alan Shepherd *A Visitor's Guide to Pembrokeshire*
South of the Landsker *Amroth & Summerhill* [SPARC] 1997
Byron Rogers *The Battle of Portaloo– Sunday Telegraph* Jan 5th 1997

Chapter 8
Edward Higgs *Making Sense of the Census* [P.R.O. Handbooks No:23] 1989
George Owen *Elizabethan Pembrokeshire* [reprinted Pembs. Record Society] 1973

Chapter 9
R. H. Franks *Commission of Enquiry [Employment of Children]* 1842 op. cit. Ch. 6
Roscoe Howells *Heronsmill* [Hutchinson] 1979, [N.E.L.] 1980, [St. Martin's Press, New York] 1980, [Emissary] 1994

Chapter 10
P.C.L. *Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph* July 13th 1864
P.C.R. W.D. Phillips *Old Haverfordwest* [J.W. Hammond & Co.] 1925
P.C.R. Audrey Philpin *Thesis for Open University*
P.C.L. *Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph* Leading Article July 20th 1864

Chapter 11
Daniel Williams *Journal* MSS 667 Folder2, Harold B. Lee Library, [Brigham Young University] Provo, Utah
Zion's Trumpet or *Star of the Saints* [*Udgorn Seion* neu *Seren y Saint*] Vol. 1, January 1849, J. Davis, Priory Street, Carmarthen
Clifford Jenkins *Stepaside Methodist Church (Tenby Circuit): The First Hundred Years* 1961
Henry Thomas *Diary* In possession of Miss Muriel Griggs
Ronald D. Dennis *Welsh Mormon Writings from 1842 to 1862* Religious Studies Center, Brigham Young University 1988

Chapter 12
Joseph Smith *Book of Mormon* 1830 and *Doctrine and Covenants*
Nauvoo Expositor

Chapter 13
Mrs. Lynette Perkes-personal correspondence
Mrs. LaRue Carter-personal correspondence
Daniel Williams *Journal* op. cit. Ch. 11
Bess Snow *History of Ann Rogers Snow* 1980 ts copy Wanda Snow Petersen
Bess Snow & Elizabeth Beckstrom *Oh,Ye Mountains High. History of Pine Valley* [St. George, Utah: St. George Heritage Press] 1980
William Snow *Journal: Across the Plains* beginning 1850
Robert Gardner *Journal*
P.C.R. *'George Lewis his+copy March 22nd 1858.'* [Mrs Joan Griffiths] R.H. Collection

Chapter 14
Daniel Williams *Journal* op.cit. Ch. 11
Mrs. La Dawn Porter-personal correspondence

Letter from Dan Jones aboard *Samuel Curling*-Translated from Welsh original in *Udgorn Seion* [Sion's Trumpet] 1856, by Ronald D. Dennis
LeRoy R. Hafen & Ann W. Hafen *Handcarts To Zion* [Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California] 1960
Mrs. Mary Heider – personal correspondence
Mary Anne Williams Leatham – *Recollections*

Chapter 15
P.C.R. Amroth Church Records
Mrs. Ena Bodimeade-personal conversations

Chapter !6
Mrs. Jan Llewellyn – personal correspondence
Roscoe Howells *Old Saundersfoot from Monkstone to Marrôs* [Gomer] 1977 op. cit. Ch. 6
P.C.R. *'George Lewis his+copy March 22nd 1858.'* [Mrs Joan Griffiths] R.H. Collection op. cit. Ch. 13
M.R.C. Price *Industrial Saundersfoot* [Gomer] 1982 op. cit. Ch 6

Chapter 17
Mr. Roland Reese – personal correspondence
Mr. Lance Reese – personal correspondence
This is Benson Cache County, Utah – Alice S. Cardon, Co-Chairman Afton R. Smith, Lois H. Ballard, 1982
The History of a Valley – Cache Valley Utah – Idaho, Editor Joel E. Ricks, Associate Efitor Everett L. Cooley, Published by Cache Valley Centennial Commission Logan, Utah 1956
Hungry For Home–Cole Moreton [Viking] 2000
P.C.R. Census Returns
P.C.R. Church Records
Daniel Williams *Journal* op. cit. Ch. 11
P.C.L. *Pembrokeshire Herald and General Advertiser* – August 29th 1856
Mrs. Jo Anne Hagnauer Hayes – personal correspondence
Mrs. Sheila Wood-personal correspondence

Chapter 18
Daniel Williams *Journal* op. cit. Ch. 11
Henry Pugh *Journal* [Journal History Of The Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints] 10 October 1853

Abbreviations:
N.L.W. National Library of Wales.
P.C.L. Pembrokeshire County Library.
P.C.R. Pembrokeshire County Records.
T.L. Tenby Library.

Glossary of Pembrokeshire words

balls: small oval lumps of culm mixed with clay and water kneaded by hand in the shape of balls for use as fuel.
bottom: a dell, dingle, hollow.
brock: a badger.
budram: gruel consisting of oatmeal steeped in water.
buff: a case used by colliers for carrying candles.
car: to carry.
clom: a mixture of clay and straw used for building walls, a mud-house.
corse: low-lying damp land.
culm: the slack of anthracite, fuel made of a mixture of this and clay.
dram: a tram, a truck on rails used in collieries and quarries.
fitchen: a polecat or weasel.
flannen or flannon: flannel.
Flemish chimney: a chimney built on the outside of the wall of the house, a common architectural feature in Pembrokeshire erroneously thought to be a style introduced by the Flemings.
fugle: to hold the fists in a menacing attitude, to show fight, to square up.
hasty pudding: gruel made of meal instead of oatmeal, with sugar or treacle added.
jack: a leather bottle.
lake: a stream or brook.
middling: moderate, fair, fairly well.
mine: iron ore.
pap: semi-liquid food to feed infants.
patches: places where iron ore was dug.
pile: to throw, especially stones.
pine-end: the gable end of a house.
plank: a girdle, round piece of iron used in baking.
preen: a knitting needle.
skip: a basket.
slider: to slide.
washbro: oatmeal allowed to ferment and boiled to a jelly and served as a dish.

Index

A

Absalom, Ben, 36
Absalom, John, 36, 38
Absalom, Liza, 38
Absalom, William, 36
Ackland, James Capt., 13, 14, 17
Allen, Benjamin, 103
Allen, Edwin, 38, 39, 63
Allen, Henry, 38, 39, 62, 63
Allen, Margaret, 39
Allen, Mary, 39
Allen, Mr. Thomas, 49
Allen, William, Little Haven, 110
Allen, Winnie, 39
Amroth,
 Big Day, 2
 Castle, 7, 9, 10, 13
 Church, 9, 110
 Common, 11, 15, 62, 102
 Green, 9, 77
 Parish, 21, 28, 75, 77, 84, 85, 100, 106, 110, 113
 School, 32, 77
 Village, 7, 16, 63
 Village Hall, 27
Andrus, Milo, 106
Angle, Pembroke, 65
Assize Court, H'west, 48

B

Badham, Robert, 11
Ballard, Elder, 89
Beach House, 92
Beach Cottage, 92
Beach Cottages, 7
Bear River, 107
Bedwellty, 39, 58
Begelly, 5, 8, 38, 40
Benson, Cache Valley, 108
Bethany Manse, S'foot, 109
Beulah, 2, 62
Bevan, Anne, 38, 39
Bevier, Missouri, 106
Biddulph, Rev., 15
Birds Lane, 90
Black Rock, 26
Blaenavon, Mon., 59
Blaskets, 1, 107
Bok, Derek, 33
Bonville's Court colliery, 19, 53, 59, 93
Boston, Massachusetts, 86
Brandy Brook, 8, 25, 28, 38
Brandy Lake, 7, 8
Brandy Well, 8
Bridge Street, H'west, 64
Brinn, Elizabeth, 69
Brinn, James, 69
Brixton Prison, 52
Brookside Villas, 7
Brough, Lionel, 37
Brough, Robert, 40
Burrows, 7-9, 20-27, 46, 60, 62, 92

C

Cache Valley, Idaho, 70
California, 76, 79
California University, 81
Callon, Charles, 11
Cambrian, 4, 6, 8, 29, 30, 36, 46, 55
Camomile Back, 4, 69
Captain's Pond, 17, 27
Carrall, John, 29
Carrall, Martha, 6, 29
Carter, Mrs. La Rue, 76
Castle Gate, 17
Castle Park, 17
Chantry Lane, 10
Child, Henry, 15
Chimney Park, Tenby, 85, 88
Cleddau ferry, 67

The Cliff, 43
Cliff Road, 7, 20-23
Coedmôr, 25, 92
Colby Lodge, 24, 45-48
Cold Blow, 60
Colorado, 112
Company Houses, 59
Coombs, 7, 8, 16, 90
Coombs Cottage, 7
Coombshill, 7
Corinne, Utah, 87
Corse, 94
Corsegate, 55, 93, 94, 101
Council Bluffs, Iowa, 78, 80
Crickdam, 19, 21, 23, 59
Crimean War, 40
Crohan, Thomas Ó, 1
Crompton, Mr. Justice, 51
Crunwear, 2, 11, 91
Curtis, Mary, 102
Cwmrath, 69
Cwmrath Fold, 69

D

Dalton, Rev. Jas., 45
Davey-lamp, 96
David family, Foundry, 94
Davies family, Penally, 95
Davies, Daniel, 15
David, D., 15
Davies, Caroline, 111
Davies, Elizabeth, 10, 108, 112
Davies, George, 111, 113
Davies, Hannah, 45-48
Davies, John, 45, 48
Davies, Mary, 45, 46
Davies, Thomas, [Coombshill], 7, 8
Davies, Thomas, [Whitelays], 108-111
Davies, Sir William, 50
Davies, William, 48
Dennis, Ronald, 58, 76
Dingle Peninsula, 107
Dunce's Pass, 33
Duncow Hill, 4-7, 22, 31, 39, 40, 55-71, 93, 102-106, 115
Dunquin, 1

E

Earwear, 2, 7, 13, 25, 27, 78
Eastlake, 8-11, 60, 61, 64, 76-85, 91
Ebbw Vale, Mon., 57, 70
Ebsworth, Susan, 46, 47
Education Acts, 33
Elliott boundary stone, 27
Elliott, Squire, 25-27, 77
Emigration Canyon, Utah, 79
Enclosures, 13, 15, 33, 57, 62
Engine Pit, 36
England & Wales Cricket Board, 36
Evans, Ann, 95
Evans, David, 14
Evans, Jack, 97
Evans, John, 58, 62
Evans, Francis, 36
Evans, Keziah, 36
Evans, Nicholas, 95
Evans, Rebecca, 58, 70
Evans, Walter, 36
Evans, Sarah, 36
Evans, Thomas, 69
Eynon, Margaret, 61
Eynon, Thomas, 61

F

Factory, Earwear, 14, 26
Fayette, N.Y., 73
Ferndale Road, London, 53
Florence, Nebraska, 87
Ford's Lake, 93, 95
Fox-and-Hounds, 43
Foxenholes, 43-46
Franks, R.H., 17, 36

G

Gardner, Celestia, 77, 81, 82
Gardner, Dr. David, 81
Gardner, Dr. Eugene, 81
Gardner, John, 77
Gardner, Robert, 77

Garness Mill, Crunwear, 2
Gaunt, Thomas, 17, 29
George Ist., 32
Glan-Y-Môr, 92
Goode, J., 15
Goode, William, 13
Goose Green, 57
Goring, Caroline, 110-113
Goring, Ted, 109, 113
Gosse, Philip, 20
Great Blasket, 1
Great Salt Lake, Utah, 74
Green Acre, 2
Green Plains, 67, 104
Grey, Sir George, 51
Griffiths, Ann, 57
Griffiths, Charles, 59, 67
Griffiths, Elizabeth [Duncow Hill], 4, 55-71, 114, 115
Griffiths, Elizabeth [Tenby], 87
Griffiths, Elizabeth [Whitelays], 108
Griffiths, Henry, 88
Griffiths, Isaac, 106, 108, 113
Griffiths, John, 58
Griffiths, Joseph, 4, 55-71, 106, 114, 115
Griffiths, Margaret, 31, 85, 88
Griffiths, Martha, 39, 85
Griffiths, Mary, 11
Griffiths, Phoebe, 115
Griffiths, Richard, 11
Griffiths, Sarah, 67
Griffiths, Thomas [Duncow Hill], 4, 31, 69, 106, 107, 114, 115
Griffiths, Thomas [Whitelays], 108
Griffiths, Dr. Tom, 102
Griffiths, William [Slate Mill], 67, 68, 104, 108
Griffiths, William [Tenby], 67, 85, 87
Grove ironworks, 19, 29, 34, 59, 93
Grove pit, 2, 17, 19, 28, 65, 110, 112

H

Hancock, Anne, 43
Hancock, Thomas, 10, 11
Hannah's Plain, 34
Hary, John, 10
Harry, Rose, 10
Hayes, Jo Anne Hagnauer, 112
Hayes pit, 5, 40
Heider, Mary, 57
Heronsmill, 36
Hire, William, 69
Hitchens family, 14
H.M. Inspector of Mines, 110
Hobbs, Stanley, 10
Hodge, Annie, 102
Hodge, Bobby, 103
Hodge, Bridget, 103
Hodge, Rachel, 96, 97, 101-103
Hodge, Robert, 103
Holloway, Penally, 57
Holly Bank, 31
Howard, Ben, 3, 36
Howell, David, 16
Howell, Ivor, 24
Howells, Anne, 62, 94
Howells, Ben, 31, 40
Howells, Benjamin, 5, 55, 61, 94
Howells, Bertie, 6, 102, 103
Howells, Brian, 16
Howells, Edgar, 101
Howells, Elizabeth, 62
Howells, George, 40, 61, 107, 114
Howells, Joice, 61, 107, 114
Howells, Liza, 38
Howells, Margaret, 38-40
Howells, Martha, 61, 107
Howells, Mary, [Duncow Hill] 7, 31, 40
Howells, Mary, [Hundleton] 65-67, 71
Howells, Owen, 61
Howells, Richard, 4, 6, 8, 36-39, 55, 59, 61, 114
Howells, Thomas, 62
Hughes, Thomas, 58, 61, 64
Huntsman, Roxanna Leavitt, 80, 81
Hyde Park, Cache Valley, 106

I

Idaho, 80
Indians, 108
Industrial Revolution, 33
Iowa City, 86.87, 100

J

James, Ben, [Eastlake], 76
James, Benny, 39
James, Eileen, 39
James, Elizabeth, 93
James, George, 110, 111
James, Stanley, 39
James, Vera, 39
Jenkins, Catherine, [Templeton] 57
Jenkins, Clifford, 59
Jersey, 114
John, Ben, 102
John, Bridget, 29
John J. Boyd, 70
John, Johnny, 30
John, June, 102
John, Ken, 102
John, Robert, 30
John Simonds, 115
John, Zillah, 30
Jones, Captain Dan, 57, 58, 76
Jones, Francis, 14
Jones, John, 37
Jones, Robina, 14
Jones, Roy, 14
Jones, William, 37

K

Kansas, 112, 113
Kay, Samuel, 47
Kelly, Superintendent, 49, 50
Keokuk, Iowa, 115
Kerry, 1
'Kilgetty Colliery', 36
Killanow, 16, 24, 46
Kiln Field, 34
Kingsmoor, 37

L

Langdon, 13
Laws Street, Pem. Dock, 48
Lean, R., 111
Leatham, Robert, 71
Leatham, Mary Anne Williams, 70, 71
Lever, Rev. Thomas, 52
Lewis, Eliza, 65, 66
Lewis, George, [Amroth], 78, 101
Lewis, George, [Narberth], 110
Lewis, Humphrey, 11
Lewis, Mary, Narberth, 110
Lewis, Thomas, 13
Lewis, William, 57
Lindy Villa, S'foot, 109
Little Haven, 110
Little Merrixton, 16
Little Mill, 46-48
Little pit, 47, 48
Littlepoorshipping, 93
Little Whitelays, 43
Llanboidy, 42
Llanddowror, 8
Llanstephan, 21
Llanteg, 8, 27, 60
 Common, 13, 14
 Mountain, 13
Llewellyn, James, 43
Llewellyn, Jan, 84
Llewellyn, Sarah, 43
Lloyd George, D., 3
Lloyd, William, 21
LM stone, 23, 24
Lockley, R.M., 22
Logan, Utah, 88
Long Furze, 7
Long Lane, 60
Lower Level pit, 28, 103
Lydstep, 69

M

Macon County, Missouri, 106
Marylands, S'foot, 48
McLaurin, Lord, 36

Mead, 7, 62, 63
Mead Cottage, 7
Meldone, Len, 56
Merriman, Hugh, 61
Merrixton, 11, 110, 112
Merrixton Bottoms, 15, 111
Merthyr, 57, 65, 67
Milford, Lord, 11, 23
Millbank Prison, 52
Mills, Abraham, 110
Mills, Caroline, 110, 112
Mills, Isaac, 110
Miners Arms, 55
Mississippi, 73, 78, 115
Missouri River, 74, 78
Molleston Baptist Chapel, 57
Monkton, Pembroke, 65-68
Morgan, Ensor, 103
Morgan, Esther, 11
Morgan, John, 15
Morgan, Mary, 104
Mormon Church, 57, 58, 63, 73, 80, 87
Morris, John, 58, 60, 64
Morrison, Frank, 21, 24
Murdock, John R., 106

N

Narberth Registry Office, 53
Narberth Union, 45, 48
Nathaniel's Meadow, 7
National Park, 22, 23
National Trust, 24, 47
Nauvoo, Illinois, 73
Nevada, 76
New Alehouse, 60
New Inn, 25, 26
New Inn Lake, 25, 26
New Orleans, Louisiana, 78, 114, 115
Newsam, Dr. Thomas Henry, 48
Newsam, Edith, 48, 49
Neyland, 67
Noote, Thomas George, 38
Norton, Dr. John Howard, 10

O

Oaklands, Llanteg, 8
Old Road, 46
Open University, 50
Osborne shop, 25
Osprey, 78
Owen, George, 33

P

Painful Hill, 95
Palace, 91
Parcel, James, 10
Pater, 47, 64, 65, 68, 69
Pembroke, 64, 65
Pembroke Registry Office, 85
Pembroke Dock, 8, 47, 64, 91
Pembs. County Council, 22
Pembs. Iron and Coal Co., 111
Penally, 69
Pendilo, 61, 65-69, 78, 81, 85-89
Pendine, 34, 93
Pennsylvania, 35, 95, 100
Penrheol, Tavernspite, 2
Pen-y-bont, 8
Perkes, Lynette, 76, 82
Phelps, Mary, 91
Phelps, Moses, 60, 61
Philadelphia, 95
Philip, John, 37
Philipps, Rev. J.H.A., 13
Phillips, Priscilla, 93
Phillips, Susanna, 5, 40
Phillips, Thomas, 37, 65, 66
Phillips, Canon W.D., 50, 62, 63
Phillips, W.D., 50, 52
Phillips, William, 14
Phillips, W.S., 67
Philpin, Audrey, 50, 52
Picton Castle Estate, 13-15, 59
Pine Valley, Utah, 82, 83
Pleasant Green, 15, 62, 102
Pleasant Valley [Earwear], 14
Pleasant Valley [Stepaside], 36, 62, 101
Plumtree Garden, 15

Poor House, 30, 46
Poor Law Amendment Act, 44
Porter, La Dawn, 85
Port Talbot, 29
Powell, Elizabeth, 32
Powell, J.R. Esq., 52
Powell, William, 59
Preseli, 24
Price, David, 2, 61
Price, Ben, 2, 9, 10, 32, 40-42
Price, John, 65-67, 86
Price, Margaret, 86
Price, M.R.C., 16, 17
Protheroe, Amroth Farm, 9
Prout, Anne, 43, 45, 48, 61
Prout, Joice, 61
Prout, Mary, 43-54, 63
Prout, Rhoda, 45
Prout, Thomas, 15, 43, 61, 62, 65, 67, 102
Provo, Utah, 85
Pugh, Henry, 115
Pwll-y-grippin, 45

Q

Quarry Park, 38
Queen Anne, 32
Queen Victoria, 32, 85

R

Railway Street, S'foot, 52, 109
Raymond, William, 15
Red House, Penally, 56
Red Walls, 36
Rees, Ann, 55, 93, 94
Rees, Charles, 104-108, 113, 114
Rees, George, 105
Rees, Henry, 90
Rees, Isaac, 106
Rees, James, 53
Rees, Jennet, 9, 77
Rees, John, 94
Rees, John J., 53
Rees, Mary [Green Plains], 104
Rees, Mary A., 53
Rees, Richard, 107
Rees, Thomas [Duncow Hill], 55, 93, 94, 104, 105
Rees, Thomas [Springwells], 67, 104, 106
Rees, Thomas Heber, 106
Rees, Sarah, 104-108, 113, 114
Rees, William, 105, 106
Reese, Lance, 105
Reese, Roland, 105
Reformation, 12
Rhodewood Villa, S'foot., 48
Rhondda Valley, 14, 93
River Row, 59
Roblin, Wm., 11
Rockville, Colorado, 112
Rogers, Ann, 76-83, 85
Rogers, Eliza, 32
Rogers, Elizabeth, [Eastlake], 78
Rogers, Elizabeth, [Coombs], 90
Rogers, Elizabeth Ann, 92
Rogers, Henry, 78, 79
Rogers, Janette, 77
Rogers, Jennet, 77
Rogers, John, 9, 32, 61, 64, 76-83, 91, 92
Rogers, Martha, 92
Rogers, Mary, 77, 78
Rogers, Sarah, 78
Rogers, Thomas, 78, 80
Rogers, William, 8, 77, 90-92
Rogers, Zacharia, 9, 11, 76-83
Rook's Nest, 7, 21, 22, 55
Rosalind, 53, 94
Rose Cottage, S'foot., 53
Rosemary Green, 15
Royal Oak Inn, Llanteg, 8
Royle, Sgt. Peter, 47
Rumney, 70

S

Salt Lake City, Utah, 4, 9, 70, 75, 80, 81, 85, 87, 106, 115
Samuel Curling, 86
Sandon's Act, 32

Sardis, 60, 95, 101
Saundersfoot, 1, 5, 17, 19, 20, 26, 29, 30, 34, 44, 47, 58, 93-95, 113
Scourfield, John Henry, 13, 51
Scourfield, Mary, 67
Shady Hill, 15
Shepherd, Alan, 22, 23
Shepherd, Charles, 10
Skerry Back, 46
Slate Mill, 11, 67
Smith, Jane, 9, 10
Smith, Joseph, 58, 62, 73, 74
Smith, Martha, 9, 77
Smith, Simon, 9, 10
Snow, Ann Rogers, 82, 89
Snow, Jeter, 82
Snow, Maria, 80
Snow, Roxanna, 81
Snow, Sally, 80
Snow, Willard, 80
Snow, William, 74, 77-82
South Cliff Street, Tenby, 52
South Jordan, Utah, 57
SPARC, 22, 24, 26, 27
Springfield, Massachusetts, 107
Springwells, 67, 104, 111, 112
St. Clears, 13, 58
St. Issell's, 11, 36, 45, 57, 77, 90, 93, 101
St. Lawrence, N.Y. 70
St. Louis, Missouri, 78
Stepaside, 2, 17, 19, 32, 34, 39, 53, 55-72, 75, 93, 94, 97, 101, 103
Steps, [Wisemansbridge], 93, 94
Stockwell, London, 53
Stonehenge, 24
The Strand, S'foot., 52
Summerhill, 7, 43-46, 55
Summers, Dr. Richard, 50
Sunday Club, 48
Sunnyhill, 7
Swann, William Brock, 110, 112
Sykes, P., 65

T

Tan Pits, 34
Tavernspite, 60
Teague, Susanna, 85
Temple Bar, 7, 63
Templeton Green, 57
Tenby, 67, 69, 85
Tenby Council School, 103
Tesco, 36
Thain, Charles, 93
Thain, Jimmy, 36, 93-103
Thain, John, 9, 10, 65-69, 78-81, 84, 89
Thain, John Teague, 85
Thain, Joseph, 93, 94
Thain, Margaret, 87-89
Thain, Sarah Ann, 95
Thain, Susannah, 66-69, 86, 87
Thain, Thomas, 61, 93, 94
Thain, Thomas [Junior], 93
Thain, William, 65, 69, 85, 93
Thain, William Teague, 85
Thomas Chapel, 5, 40
Thomas, David, 62
Thomas, George, [Stepaside] 61, 66, 107, 114
Thomas, George, [Bangeston] 90
Thomas, Esther, 46
Thomas, Henry, 62, 63
Thomas Hill pit, 46
Thomas, James, 2, 12, 62,
Thomas, John, 60, 112
Tinkers Hill, 8, 24, 90
Tithe Apportionment Map, 55
Tooele, Utah, 71
Trafalgar Road, Tenby, 85
Trelissey, 14
Truemans Park, 15

U

Underwriter, 105
Upper Mead, 7

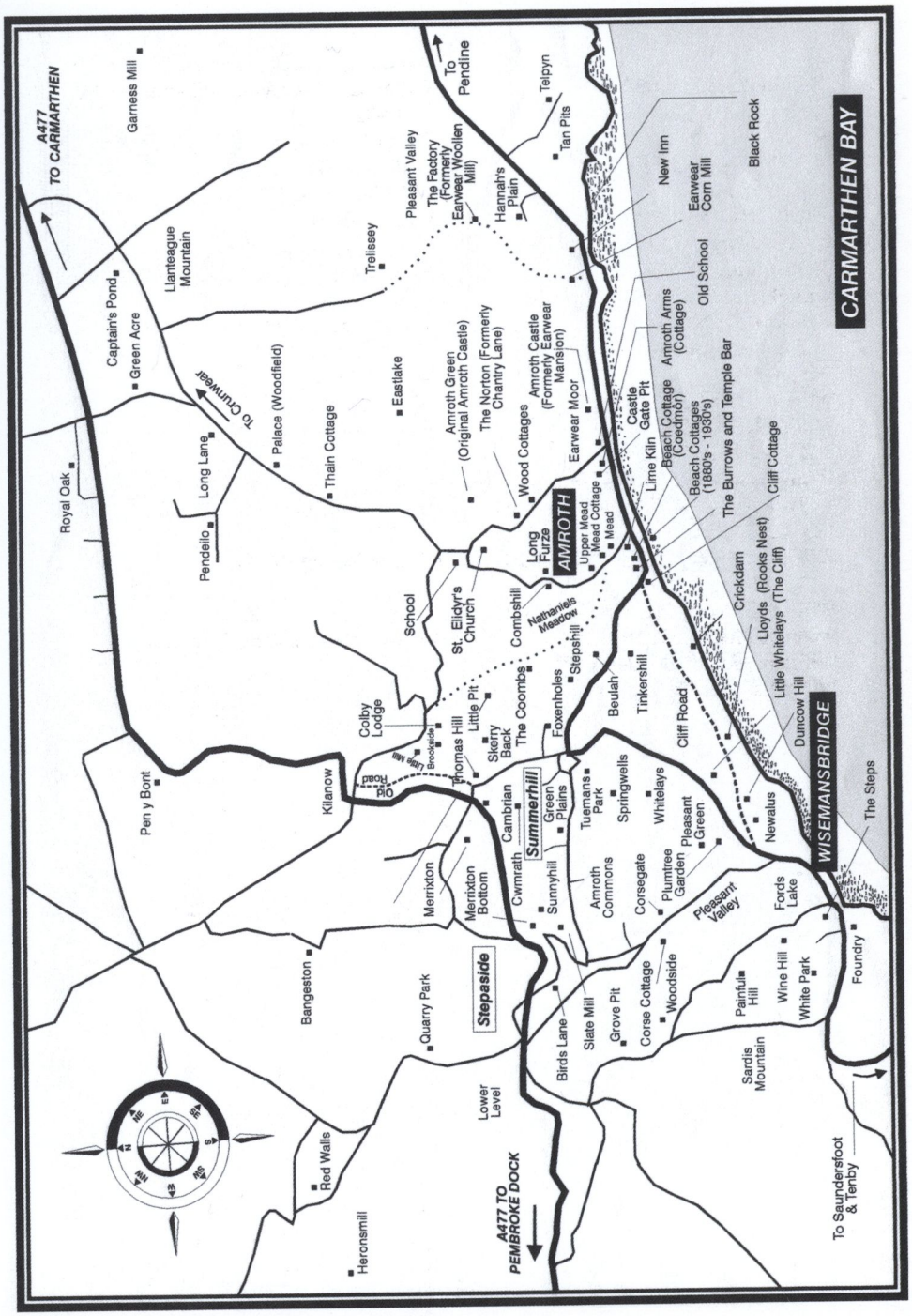
V

Vale of Glamorgan, 58
Vaughan, William, 58, 60, 64, 65

W
Walton, Pembs., 110
Waters family, 72
Webb, John, 10
Well Park, Penally, 57
'Welsh Not', 42
Welsh Road, 8
Welsh valleys, 65, 70, 71, 94, 95, 100
Wellsprings, 67, 104, 111
Whitelays, 30, 31, 112
Whitlow, S'foot, 69
White Park, 43, 61
Wigan, 40
Willard, Utah, 106, 113-115
Williams, Ann, 77
Williams, Dan, 70
Williams, Daniel, 38, 55-71, 73, 76, 77, 85-87, 104, 105, 114, 115
Williams, George, [Tinker's Hill], 8, 90, 92
Williams, George, [Glan-Y-Môr], 92
Williams, Mary, 57, 58, 115
Williams, John, 24, 58, 64, 70
Williams, John Jenkins, 57
Williams, Rebecca, 70
Williams, Susanna, [Coombs] 80, 90-92
Williams, Susannah, [Freystrop] 66
Williams, Thomas, 57
Wilson, Lewis, 13
Wine Hill, 61
Winterset, Iowa, 115
Wisemansbridge, 4, 17-25, 34, 46, 53, 101, 102
WLL stone, 21-24
Wood, Sheila, 113
Woodfield, 91
Wood Level, 101
Wordsworth, Wm., 1

Y
Young, Brigham, 74, 75, 80, 81, 88, 106, 115
Young, Joseph W., 115

Z
Zoar Baptist Chapel, Gomorrah, 57





In his many works, both of non-fiction and fiction, Roscoe Howells' local knowledge and affection for the area of which he writes are abundantly evident. This is not surprising perhaps in one whose ancestors have lived in Amroth parish since time out of mind. A vice-president and former chairman of the Pembrokeshire Historical Society, of which he was a founder member, he was also a founder member and former chairman of the old Pembrokeshire Records Society. There are few who can write with such authority on his native area.

Front Cover
Top: St. Elidyr's Church, Amroth
Centre: Brigham Young
Bottom: 'Gathering to Zion' LDS Church Archives

£9.95

By the same author

NON FICTION:

Cliffs of Freedom
Farming in Wales
The Sounds Between
Across The Sounds
What Price Abortion? (autobiographical)
Old Saundersfoot, from Monkstone to Marros
Tenby Old and New
Total Community
Caldey
Farewell The Islands
Pembrokeshire's Islands
The Farmer and the Bureaucrats
Amroth: A Brief History

FICTION:

Crickdam; Heronsmill; Roseanna (a trilogy set in the Saundersfoot/Amroth area between 1800 and the 1980's); *Rhiannon* (an historical novel set on the island of Skomer under its old Scandinavian name of Scalmey); *Redvers Come Home* (an allegorical story of foxes moving from the city to live in the country); *Woodreef* (an historical novel set in the Amroth area from 1700 to the 1990's)

ISBN 1-85902-997-3
9 781859 029978